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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIX. No. 1680 APRIL 2, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 2, 1932

THE KING DISTRIBUTES MAUNDY MONEY

A Tradition of Two Centuries Broken when the First Sovereign Since James II Performs the Ceremony in the Abbey

With the Yeomen of the Guard maintaining a processional path to the West Door of Westminster Abbey, at noon on Maundy Thursday, the King and Queen shattered a tradition of nearly two centuries, for not since James II has any English sovereign distributed Maundy Money to the poor. The pageantry of the ceremonial reached its superb climax when the Yeoman bore the gold dish with the alms down the nave. The charger was carried on the head and the streamers of the red and white purses descended in a cascade about his shoulders. Nowadays the subsistence gifts are compounded. Maundy Money is composed of one penny for every year of the King's life—i.e. 67—made up in silver pennies, twopences, threepences, and fourpences, with unmilled edges as first coined by Charles I

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

EASTERTIDE

ENJOYMENTS AS

A Pictorial Reco E

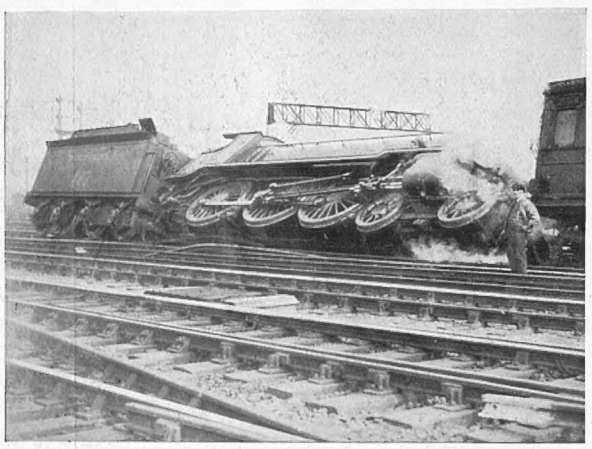
THEY WENT BY TRAIN . . .
Victoria Station

THEY WENT BY COACH . . .
Thames Embankment

THEY WENT BY ROAD . . .
The Brighton Road

THEY WENT BY CAR . . .
Somewhere in Surrey

THE STAY-AT-HOMES WENT TO THE ZOO HEY
Polar Be



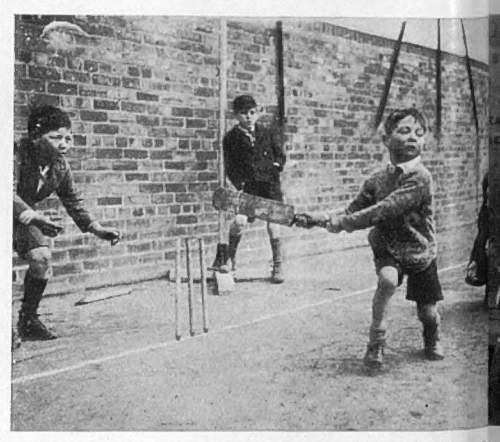
THEY VERY NEARLY DIDN'T GO AT ALL . . .
Outside Waterloo

OF COURSE, THERE WAS THE INEVITABLE SMASH
Esher Common

THEY WERE MARRIED BY THE DOZEN . . HEY
Quintuple Wedding, St. John's, H

AT LAST THEY GOT TO THE SEA . . .
King's Road, Brighton

AND PACED UP AND DOWN THE FRONT . . .
Grand Parade, Eastbourne



YOUNGSTERS ANTICIPATED THE SUMMER DR
Kennington

THEN CAME THE RAIN . . .
Blackheath Fair

AND THE FRONT WAS DESERTED . . .
Grand Parade, Eastbourne

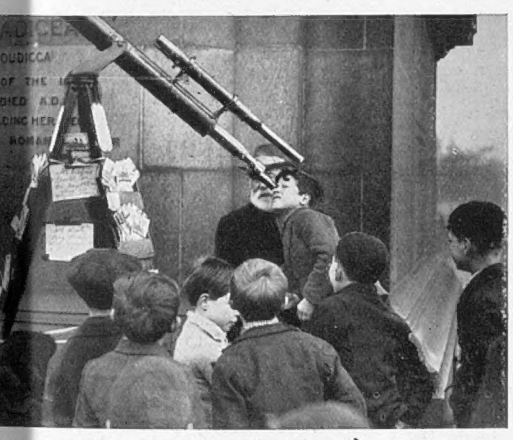
OTHERS ATTENDED SERVICES . . . AND
Canal Bank, Paddi

EVENTS —
SAPPOINTMENTS

Easter Week-end

HEY WENT TO HAPPY HAMPSTEAD . . .
Near Parliament Hill

HEY CARED NOT FOR THEIR BICYCLES . . .
Herne Hill



R GAZED AT THE STARS . . .
Westminster Pier

ND SANG HYMNS BY THE CANAL SIDE . . .
Canal Bank, Paddington

FOR THE SPORTSMAN THERE WAS BROOKLANDS . . .
Brooklands

AND CARS GALORE . . .
Brooklands

AND FEATS OF ENDURANCE IN CORNWALL . . .
Russ Mill Hill

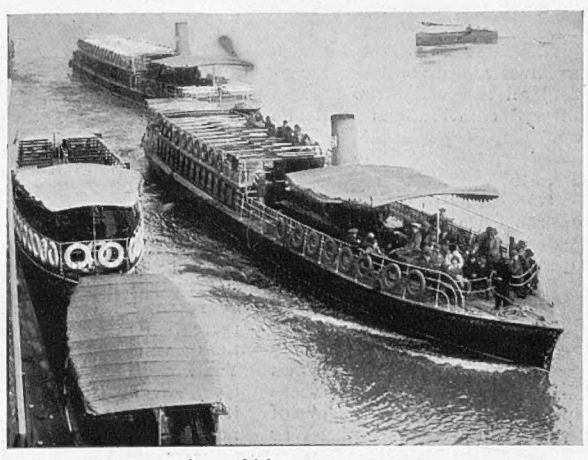
AND WORK FOR THE STRONG AND WILLING . . .
Beggars Roost Hill

THE HIKERS HIKED . . .
Kennett-bank

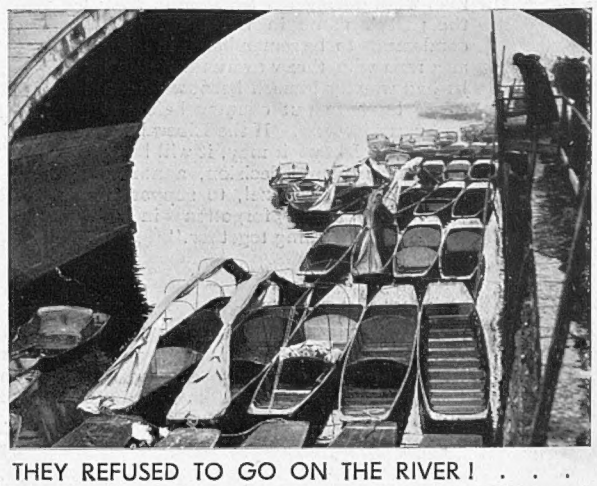
AND SHOULDERED HEAVY BURDENS . . .
Box Hill

TO REACH HAVEN AT LAST . . .
Somewhere in Kent

AND A WELCOME CUP OF TEA . . .
The North Downs

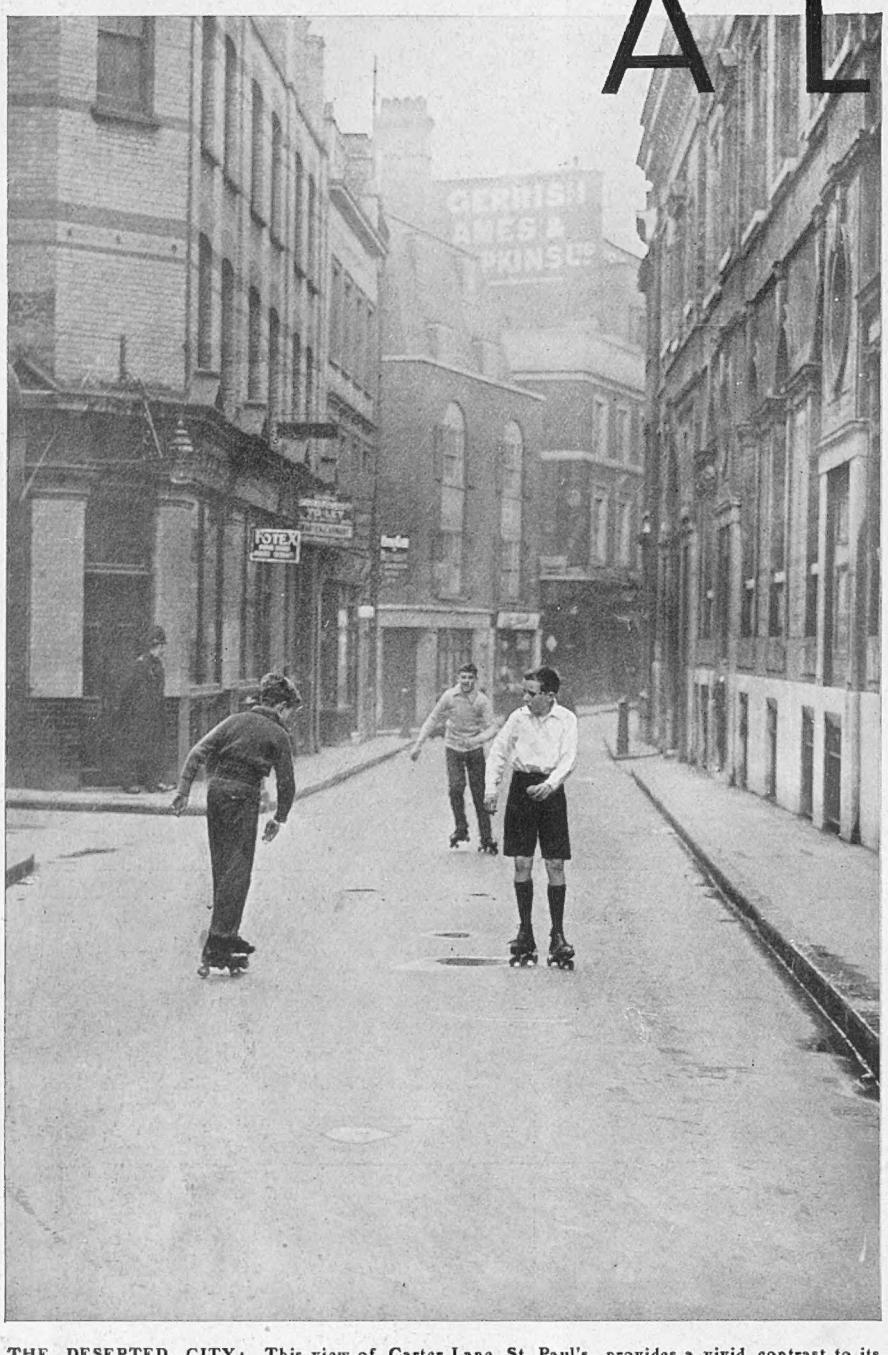


BUT, ONE AND ALL . . .
Westminster



THEY REFUSED TO GO ON THE RIVER ! . . .
Richmond

A London New



THE DESERTED—CITY: This view of Carter Lane, St. Paul's, provides a vivid contrast to its usual crowded aspect. The great hive of industry was, as it always is, deserted during the holiday; but the usual influx of visitors on sightseeing-bent was notable this year for its absence, the weather proving a strong deterrent for such amusements

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 30, 1932.

IN THE LIBERAL INTEREST.

—I do not for one moment agree with the die-hard Conservative view of the present official Liberal policy, as declared vigorously by Sir Herbert Samuel. I consider that it is first and foremost in the interests of the country (and merely as a corollary in the Liberal interest) that Sir Herbert and his followers should remain in the Government till the crisis at least is past, sinking their differences on tariff policy so long as that party is impotent to force its views on the country. That cause is patriotic, honourable, and popular in the country, and must redound to the Liberal Party's credit. Placed as they are now, Sir Herbert and his followers are regaining every day some of the lost prestige of Liberalism, and they and their party have no enemy to fear save only the one man who, during his leadership, trailed the party's name in the mire, and is condemned to be remembered in history as a man who threw away the authority he had won for himself because he could never learn to put country before self and party interest. If the Liberal Party revives, as I hope it may, it will be due to this considered decision, announced by Sir Herbert Samuel, to support the principle, almost forgotten in our politics, of "pulling together."

THE FOLLY OF LOTTERIES.

—The sweepstake question is another instance of the swift alteration of public opinion. A year ago there was a majority of 120 in the House against the introduction of a Bill to legalize lotteries in this country. Last week Sir W. Davison's Bill was introduced by a majority of over 40. A huge turnover. The issue is still perfectly open. The voting may have been merely the indication of a desire to have the whole question thrashed out publicly. But a chief factor in the *volte face* is, of course, the madness in these days of suffering British millions to be poured into a politically disloyal country to support its domestic institutions. Of course, I am against the legalizing of lotteries, now and for ever. I know the harm it has done to character in Irish humble life. It is sheer poison. And our hospitals are dead against it. They know the psychological effect on public charity of these huge lotteries. Lord Powerscourt stated that Ireland wants £12,000,000 to put her hospitals for ever beyond the need of charity. And he realizes that to achieve that figure even at the present rate of progress Ireland must drive on for twenty years. What do British hospitals require to reach the same haven? They need £15,000,000 every year. That sum capitalised means giant lotteries being perpetually organized for a century. And all the while the springs of voluntary contributions will be drying up.

THE LYNCH-PIN.

—The abrogation of the Oath of Allegiance to which Valera is committed has, of course, created the certainty of another first-class crisis to come. Naturally the Government takes a serious view of it. The curious thing is that the public did not instantly tumble to the significance of the first rumour of it. It shows how swiftly public opinion changes these days. In the Irish crisis on the eve of the Great War and in the post-War settlement, the gnawing anxiety in the British public's mind was that the severance of Southern Ireland must inevitably afford a breeding ground and a jumping-off ground right on our flank for Bolshevism—we called it then "dangerous foreign revolutionary influence." The Oath of Allegiance has ever since been the little paper guarantee against this occurrence. And, of course, the danger is not in any degree lessened to-day. The bacilli gather where the body is weakest, and Valera has before him all the elements of internal trouble and discontent necessary to encourage foreign interference and the seeds of Bolshevism. This Oath of Allegiance question will, one way or the other, settle the fate of Ireland or Valera, and is big with the fate of even larger interests.

RAIL v. ROAD.

—This famous case is now being argued. The most expensive and experienced counsel are engaged on either side and the public has been empanelled as jury. Here are a few unanswerable points in the Railways' case.

(1) The main line railways carry 1,200 million passengers in a year. Kill your railways and what then will be the state of your roads?

(2) Every year the Railways burn 13 million tons of British coal, giving employment to 60,000 miners. Motor vehicles use imported oil as fuel to the tune of 10 million pounds a year.

(3) In 1931, the Railways carried 230 million tons of coal and minerals. If they don't carry this heavy freight, nothing else can.

None the less, there are doubtful and disputable points in the Railways' case and sound points on the other side. The soundest Road point is this: A nation must rationalize, must develop and encourage (and not hinder) new institutions which new scientific invention makes possible. Nations must develop or die. I am firmly convinced that the greatest enemy of road transport development is in its own ranks. It is not counter propaganda by the Railways but its own law-breaking juggernaut element of drivers of heavy vehicles which most alienates the public. If the law stepped in and insisted that public and heavy road vehicles must be mechanically constructed to make impossible unlawful speeds, the Road Users' case would become far more convincing.

LORD HARRIS.

—The storming of Seringapatam more than a century ago had unexpected consequences for India. It gave to Madras a British family of hereditary governors and to India a great game which Indians have helped to make ever more illustrious. George, fourth Lord Harris, was a sound public servant and a loved public figure. And his name is graven deepest in the annals of cricket. He was in a sense to the world of cricket what Fisher was to the navy—a despot, a kindly tyrant, a whole-hearted defender, a shrewd and wise adviser. He was in truth the spirit of Kent and that in cricket opinion means the spirit of old England; and he was the spirit of I Z. and of the Old Stagers, grasping from the hands of Baldwin and Long and of Freddie and Spencer Ponsonby the torch which they so light-heartedly lit one fateful evening "in July, 1845, at supper at the Blenheim Hotel, Bond Street." There's something about that letter H and cricket. You can't drop your aitches at cricket. Harris, Hawke, Hayward, Hobbs, Hirst . . . but if I start, I shall never end.

A SUPERB FILM.

—Of film drama I am an amateur, but enthusiastic; a keen ignoramus. Consequently my remarks about current or recent films are rather a pleasant recreation in self-expression for myself than a valuable critique for the public. Yet I can't resist a few words about *Comradeship* at the Academy. Firstly, it is propaganda in the cause of international brotherhood direct and concentrated. It is worth many Leag[ue]-of-Nations sessions and blue bo[oks] For it hits the common man. De[dicated] to the miners of the world, [it] stresses the folly of race jealo[usy] officially encouraged. As the pu[blic] already knows, the film deals with [a] mining in the debatable land wh[ere] French and Germans live cheek by j[owl] and glare at each other. Disaster o[ver]takes a French pit and the Germa[ns] swallowing insults, etc., rush to the [aid] of their "comrades." A German fi[lm] of course. Propagandist essentially, [as] stated. But how insidiously so, h[ow] delicately, how cleverly, it adds [to] a straw, here a leaf, to the weight [of] bulk of its argument! It is the restra[int] which tells and distinguishes this fi[lm] Compare it with the grease paints [of] *Jekyll and Hyde* in the art of depict[ing] conditions or states of mind and [the] two films seem to belong to differ[ent] stages of development. Never w[as] crowds so finely handled, never [a] mass anger, mass despair, and m[ass] gratitude revealed so clearly and na[tu]rally with so little exaggeration. C[om]*radeship* is a film which accepts [the] public as intelligent beings and [not] mere boors or pigs.

STOCK EXCHANGE AN[D] BANK COMMISSION.

—At [the] present moment there is hardly [a] stockbroker in the City who does [not] feel that the S.E. Committee has [not] proved itself worthy of its trust in [the] present crisis which besets its membe[rs] This majority opinion may not [be] justifiable but it is thoroughly comp[re]hensible. There is little to earn a[nd] many to keep. When your bare r[ent] of premises runs to thousands of pou[nds] a year and you are supporting in id[le]ness (from a sense of loyalty as m[uch] as from business considerations) a s[taff] of expert accountants and book-keep[ers] and secretaries at appropriate salar[ies] you may well feel rather sore at the hi[gh] proportion of commission on the trifl[ing] business you can pick up, which [you] are compelled to return to the ban[k] The brokers cry aloud to have th[e] commission regulations revised in th[eir] favour. Certainly that particular 50 p[er] cent. commission is easy money for [the] bankers. For the bank may merely [act] as post office between an investo[r] client and the broker, and when [all] doubts are settled and the investm[ent] made, it nets exactly half the broke[r's] profit. But of course there is the ot[her] picture. The broker would be in qu[ite] street to-day without the bank and [its] clients, and the bank does a great d[eal] of hard work for its clients for wh[ich] no payment is asked—"and (says [the] groaning broker) for which *I* pay."

BUCHAN'S "SCOTT."

—P[er]sonally, I can never hear enough of [the] dry, pawky, and infinitely comforta[ble] society of Edinburgh in the eighteen[th] and nineteenth centuries. I have [ab]sorbed it from Scott, from Stevens[on] and from Buchan, and no men [are] better qualified to tell of it than th[ese] three. I have been thrilled [by] Buchan's *Scott*. This biography d[oes] not detract from the greatness of Lo[ck]hart. It merely proves, what Lyt[ton] Strachey knew, that the old biograp[hy] in form though not necessarily in m[an]ner, does not suit the present generati[on] Buchan is a biographer of the [new] school. He is a partisan of his subj[ect] as all good biographers must be. [But] unlike Lockhart, he is a model of te[rse]ness and point, and achieves his obj[ect] not by mass of colour but by line a[nd] tone. And he knows the vital concom[i]tants of the biography of a literary m[an] — those concomitants which ma[de] Trollope's autobiography appear [so] outrageous to his own generation and [so] stimulating and satisfying to ours. [If] does not disregard the material side [of] authorship, he gives us the £ s.d. of [the] poems and novels which immensely ad[d] to the thrill. Of course, with Scott, [one] could hardly disregard this aspe[ct] since the main plot of his romance [is] the financial tragedy and the ensu[ing] struggle.

sletter

The actual features of Scott's life are supposed to be "what every schoolboy knows." And yet Buchan's new biography has surprised me with my ignorance. I never properly appreciated that the doom of Ballantyne's had sounded long before Scott published his first anonymous novel, before *Waverley* burst on an astonished world. I never realized how completely and criminally Scott was himself responsible for his own disasters, how crass was his extravagance, his fecklessness, his recklessness in matters of money. I shall not detract from the achievement of Mr. Buchan in research and untiring labour, if I stress a point which is apt to be forgotten in the glittering praise of modern biography. Hard as they must work who come late into the field, their labours are nothing to those of the pioneers, who must work among faded letters, often difficult to decipher, sheaves of correspondence unarranged in date, undocketed bundles of papers, and the unharvested memorials of a hundred scattered cupboards. For the pioneer the work of biography does not begin until all this harvest is gathered, graded, and reduced to system and type. But the late comer starts with an official and authoritative and continuous printed record in handy form, and he can master his subject before he begins to prune, discriminate, and alter.

AN UNBELIEVABLE OUTRAGE.—If members of the Petersfield Rural District Council are correct in their facts, an outrage on decency has been committed by the military authorities which is almost unbelievable. Bramshott Common, which links Hindhead with Wolmer Forest was one of the beauty-spots of the Surrey-Hampshire borders. Its golden gorse and heather were a delight to the eye and it sheltered among other rarities that shy little bird, the Dartford Warbler. It lies to-day a blackened desert, more revolting than the Somme area around Fricourt. The Council assert that this lovely common, which is Crown land in occupation by the military authorities, was deliberately burnt out by the authorities at Aldershot, partly to save the necessity of calling out troops to deal with small, local fires in summer. A military member of the Council defended the Aldershot authorities on the ground "that they had a perfect right to do as they liked."

MAUNDY.—Not for two centuries has a King of England officiated at the Maundy Thursday celebrations at Westminster Abbey, though up to last year the King of Spain went through the whole ritual of the washing of feet of the poor, in an allied ceremony in Spain. The Spanish ceremony was lately very amusingly described by Mr. Harold Nicolson. The Maund is age-old, the word being derived from the Latin "Mandatum," which was the first word of the service of the washing of feet. In England the presence of the Sovereign has been unknown since James II officiated in person. The washing of feet was an exercise in humility for the sovereign, the dole, which was a necessary part in the same ceremony, an exercise in charity. In my youth, that Royal charity would every year come my way. By favour of a kind-hearted Canon, I was for years on the dole and would await each Easter with keen anxiety the arrival of those tiny and entrancing silver pennies and other miniature coins. Strange that I should have lost them, every one.

"BUTTER FINGERS."—All great ideas astonish by their very simplicity. The suggestion that this summer funds should be raised for hospitals by a levy on dropped catches at cricket could and should be extended to all summer games. I am quite certain that a clever organizing secretary or captain could make the idea "go with a bang" and stimulate and amuse hundreds of clubs. In cricket the idea must be confined to club cricket, of course, and the dropped-catch tariff (adjudged as such by the umpires) would vary from a penny to a shilling, according to the means of the club. I would suggest for suitable fines:

Cricket.—Dropped catch, pair of spectacles, hat trick, and a massed fine for dismissal of the side for a single-figure score.

Golf.—Birdie, eagle, ten or over, gross profanity.

Lawn Tennis.—Two consecutive double-faults.

Bridge.—Grand slam bid and secured.

And what about sport? That big fish, that right and left at driven snipe, that fourteen pointer?

THE OLD STAGER.

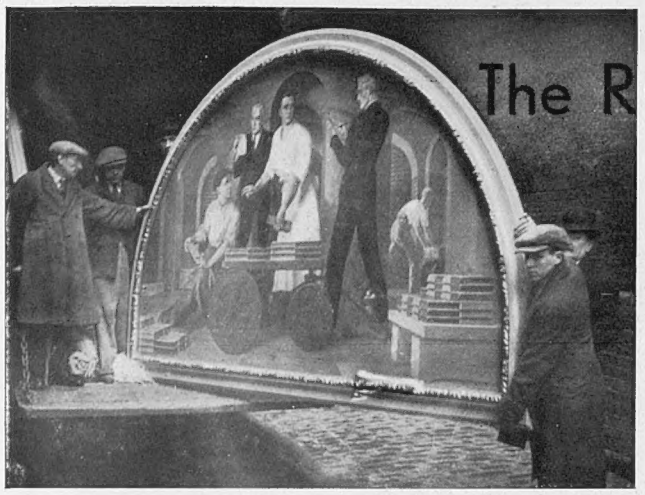
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD were inspected by Lieut.-Colonel Dan Burgess, V.C., the Governor of the Tower, on Easter Sunday before attending service at St. Peter ad Vincula—where three Queens, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, and Lady Jane Grey, one great martyr (More), and four Dukes (Somerset, Northumberland, Norfolk, and Monmouth) lie buried as well as Thomas Cromwell, Stafford, Dudley, and Essex. The Beefeaters add a brilliant touch of colour to the grey old Tower, although their Tudor costumes are more remote from the Norman architecture than they are from ourselves!

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD at Buckingham Palace drew huge crowds of Londoners and visitors alike on Easter Monday. The intemperate weather could not mar the pageantry of scarlet and bearskin nor mute the stirring strains of the band

PLAYING AIRS TO EMPTY AIR: The opening of the band season in Hyde Park was marked by the almost entire absence of an audience, only a few hardy and music-loving souls braving the rain to listen to the excellent musical entertainment

The ROUND of the DAY

Late News Items Told in Pictures

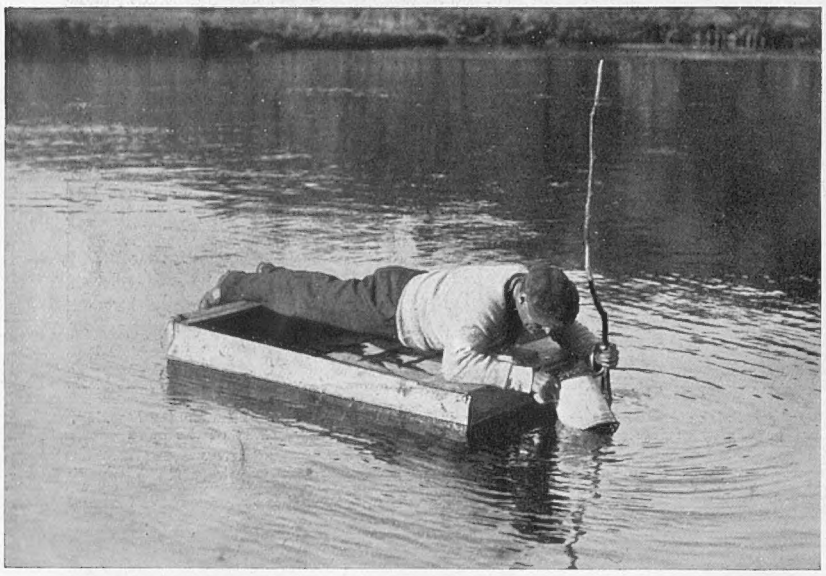


SENDING-IN DAY: One of the three paintings by Colin Gill, destined for the Bank of England, are to be seen first at the R.A. *Inset*—Two aspirants with their work

SENDING-IN DAY: Mr. Montague and Mr. Victor Gosden with their portraits of "Old Kate" and Miss Styles, England's champion runner, arrive at Burlington House

A BEAUTY CHORUS REINSTATED: Rule's, the west-end bar, replaced their famous troupe of barmaids with barmen recently — but the change was unpopular and was, in consequence, reversed

THE LICENSING RUSH which usually stirs car owners on Lady Day, this year occurred on March 24, as County Council offices and Post Offices were closed on Good Friday. Special permits legalized the post-dating



PEARL FISHING IN SCOTLAND: George McPhee, well-known in the Callendar and Aberfoyle areas, seen in his flat-bottomed "boat" scanning the bed of the Teith through a glass-bottomed jug

RESTOCKING THE TYNE: Some of the 1,600 yearling trout, released annually into the river, are here seen being put in at Wylam whence they will gladden—or infuriate—the season's anglers

LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT at Newquay is one of the most picturesque of such ceremonies, as the slipway—one of the steepest on our coast—is so precipitous as to entail a team of six horses to haul the boat up again

WATER TRANSPORT: Owing to the dry spell—ended at Easter!—villages on the Yorkshire wolds have suffered from a shortage. A motor is here seen filled with tanks from the village pump at Warter for transport to a farm in need

POINT - to - POINT

The Melton 'Chases and the Eridge Meeting

LORD LONSDALE with Mr. James Baird and Sir William Bass at the Melton Steeplechases

THE MELTON STEEPLECHASES AT BURTON LAZARS drew the usual smart crowd. The front row above shows Mrs. John Vaughan, the Countess of Huntingdon, Mr. Guy Fenwick, Miss Branda Alexander, and Lady Robert Manners

LORD BLANDFORD with Miss and Mrs. Paravicini and Mrs. Michael Hornby at Burton Lazars

Inset above—The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Baillie, Captain Filmer-Sankey, and the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Greenall

A GATHERING OF SOCIETY invariably graces the Melton Steeplechases at Burton Lazars, Melton Mowbray. The meeting is one of the smartest of point-to-point gatherings and provides good racing

Inset above—Mrs. G. O. Kellett, Lady Kimberley, and Miss Monica Sheriffe at the Melton 'Chases

THE ERIDGE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT MEETING was held at Steelbridge Farm, Eridge. Watching the races from the Master's wagon, Mrs. Tomkin, Major Larnach Nevill, M.F.H., Mr. Thomas Leveson-Gower, Mr. Alan Leveson-Gower, Mrs. Leveson-Gower, Mrs. Larnach Nevill, Master Larnach Nevill, Mrs. Mark Milbank, Marchioness Camden, Lady Irene Cubitt, and Lady Fiona Fuller are seen above

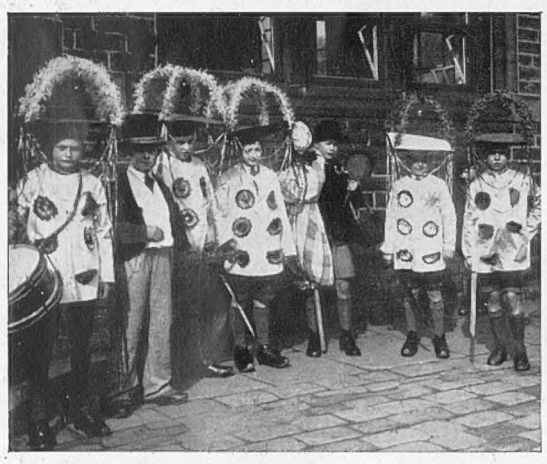
ENGLISH EASTER CUSTOMS

"ADD A BUN TO THE 'WIDOW'S SON'": For the last 106 years a hot cross bun has been added to a string suspended outside this inn in Bromley-by-Bow

SKIPPING FOR HOT CROSS BUNS is a Good Friday tradition in the little Devon village of Plympton. The young folk maintain it early in the morning

COMESTIBLE MAUNDY MONEY! Hot cross buns are distributed to the worshippers after service in the Memorial Hall, London Street, Bethnal Green

THE TICHBORNE DOLE: Every Lady Day, a unique custom takes place on the estate of Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, Bart., Tichborne Park, near Airesfort, Hants. A gallon of flour is given to every man, woman, and child on the estate. The tradition derives from an invalid lady who was promised that all the land round which she could crawl in a stated time should be given to charity. She crawled round more than was expected, but the produce of this land—now known as "The Crawl" is given away in the form of flour. *On left* Sir Anthony is seen watching the distribution; *on right* Father Lion is seen blessing the flour



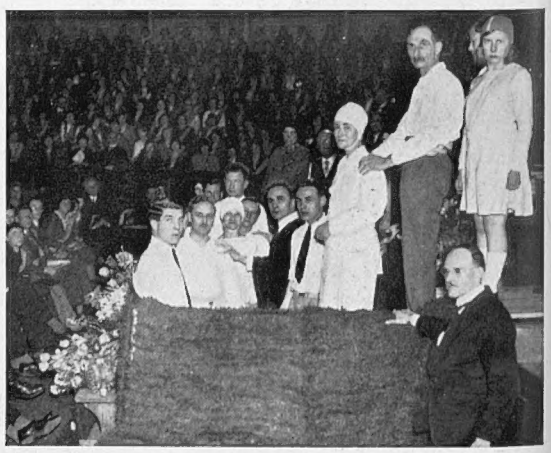
PACE EGGING is a custom still maintained in Midgley, near Halifax, during which boys in tabards and curiously decorated hats parade and dance to drum and bugle

MAUNDY MONEY: Twenty-one widows were each given 6d. which they had to take off a tomb in the churchyard of the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Greater, Smithfield

A TRADITION REVIVED: Marbles on the village green have been reinstated at Tinsley Green, Sussex. Large "dividers" are used to measure the various shots made

BUN CALL! Father Neptune greets the first consignment of hot cross buns to come aboard the training ship *Exmouth* at Grays, Essex, after which all hands are piped on deck

THE HOLY FIRES AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL are kindled with flint and steel on Holy Saturday. From these fires are lit the Sanctuary lamps which are kept alight for a year



HOT GOSPELLING IN THE ALBERT HALL: Principal Jeffreys, head of the Elim Four Square Gospel, baptises converts in the tank specially erected. Scenes of frantic enthusiasm—or hysteria—were witnessed

LONDON LIFE

And Two Pictures from the Country

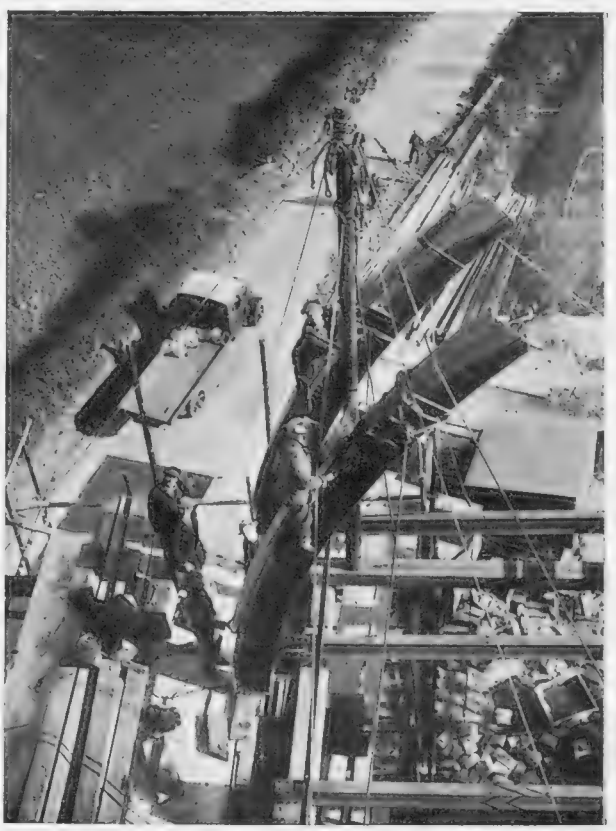
WOMAN PIONEERS: For the first time in the history of the L.C.C. the posts of Vice-Chairman and Deputy-Chairman have been filled together by women—Dame Beatrix Lyall and Miss Agnes Dawson, seen above with the Chairman, Mr. Angus N. Scott

TEA-TIME TALKIES are held in Bush House for the benefit of Western Electric employees. The operator is the Bush House Beauty Queen, Miss Lisle

SUNDAY YACHTING: A group of model yachts at practice on the Model Boat Pond, Wanstead Flats—evidence of the strong hold any form of maritime activity exerts on the island race. The Round Pond is another *venue* of model—and toy—boating

HUNTING IN YORKSHIRE: The York and Ainsty (South Hunt) crossing the Ouse at Naburn when the Hunt met at Stillingfleet, near York

COMMUNITY CHRISTENING: Mothers with the babies born in the City of London Maternity Hospital, City Road, gather round the font in the Hospital Chapel while their babies are christened. Father Horden is seen performing the ceremonies



THE LAST OF BRUNEL'S WOODEN VIADUCTS TO GO: The Carnon viaduct on the Falmouth Branch Line is being replaced by a modern brick structure

LAST

The Passion for Rhetoric an and Fanfaronnade that French Character has Cause Quiet Obsequies, Expresse Country, to be Flagrantl

By FERD

THE NATIONALIST SPEAKS FOR THE INTERNATIONALIST: M. Tardieu with MM. Boncour, Laval and Hyams in the white ties of French officialdom, salute the passing of the Apostle of Peace over whom M. Tardieu delivered an oration in diametric opposition to its subject's views

The great Frenchman had only asked that he should be laid to rest when he died in the country village he had learnt to love in his older years. He was known to have mentioned the actual spot, while conversing with the villagers, not haphazardly once but on several occasions. "And above all, no oratory!"

The great Frenchman had a considerable contempt for the pomp and circumstance of national funerals—those farewell rituals special to France and conceived, as often as not, of the desire of the living to shine in rhetoric. "I come to bury X and also to praise him." This dying Frenchman of whom I write foresaw possibilities of that kind in his case. He who had treated lightly, poked fun at the powers-that-be, who had consistently demonstrated his non-interest in all their ceremonial and formalities and honours and rewards, would nevertheless probably be pounced upon, in his winding sheet, and whisked off to make a holiday for national orators in the metropolis of din and millions by the banks of the Seine. And the thought caused him to mention, again, to his faithful housekeeper that she should take care no one came for him from the big city. Unfortunately, being of an indolent disposition (and also far gone in senility), he omitted to put this last wish of his in writing.

It is a bleak Paris afternoon. There stands the catafalque on the quayside facing the Seine. Around it, tribunes. Filled with men in evening-dress, showing beneath their overcoats. A funeral oration is pronounced by a selected national orator who, during the dead man's lifetime, had amused more than annoyed. And, then, the funeral procession, preceded by coaches of floral tributes, starts off through a silent multitude, across the river, across the Place de la Concorde, up the Champ Elysées, and on to the cemetery at Neuilly where the great Frenchman is committed to the earth, far from his peaceful commune to the accompaniment of city noise dominated by careering motor-buses.

The above is a compressed impression of what befell Anatole France, in October, 1924.

Its reproduction the other day in the case of Aristide Briand moves one to ask if there be anything which should be more scrupulously observed than the last wish (or failing that, explicitly, the known desire) of the famous dead in regard to where they should be laid to rest, and the manner of the obsequies? It does seem that the very prominent of this age desire for the most part a quiet, grassy corner, preferably out of the city and to whose surroundings they were attached. It may be a last reaction from the times of exceptional stress and rush in which they lived; also, perhaps, a weariness at the condition of things may be operating. At all events, super-obsequies have been going out of fashion ever since the War. Either the quiet corner or cremation for the leading dead of the nations. In the case of this country, we saw with Haig, at Bemersyde; with Asquith, at Sutton Courtney; with French, at Ripple. Even Curzon chose a mausoleum in the country. And Balfour went at last to Whittinghame. Birkenhead, too, stipulated a return to his place outside London. Alone Bonar Law seems to have gone to the Abbey in recent times. A difficulty about the cluttered-up Abbey is the necessity for cremation.

In France they do these things differently. In that fair land where la culte des morts is observed with precision, national figures are simply not allowed to pass on without being made to yield their last quota towards the glory of their race. Only one Frenchman, as I shall show, ever got round this. Briand failed utterly. His case was probably the summit, for I imagine we shall not see its like again. Already, there is protest far and wide at what was done. Consider—

Briand was not the super-statesmen we have heard sung lately. He failed, principally, in the character test. He was lazy, cunning, ill-equipped in knowledge and learning, careless of his person, continually surrendering to physical appetite (I can write these things for he was ever my favourite). Yet he touched the hearts of the French as none in this generation. Why? Because he was simple. Above money. Because he possessed a heart. A heart, in addition to that priceless intuition which made up for all the laziness and lack of erudition. Briand was an artist who contrived to mingle the Quai d'Orsay with the village pub.

It was precisely in the latter that he once or twice discussed his burial place, with jest thrown in. Up on yonder hillside, above the little churchyard, beside the two which had of late years been this lonely bachelor's best friends: a dog and a cat. *Et surtout pas de discours!*

We know what happened, although I confess it is almost incredible even now. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris busied himself around and about this lifelong non-believer and separator of Church and State. His Eminence announced that it was the Pope's, and his business only, and that he knew he was fulfilling the dead statesman's wishes, for which one had to take Cardinal Verdier's word naturally. The only think is that it isn't a bit as if Cardinal Bourne had similarly intervened, in England. The Church in France is definitely of the reactionary Right, a political force of the first order, and diametrically opposed to much of what Briand stood for at the Palais Bourbon.

Afterwards, much the same thing happened as in Anatole's case. André Tardieu made an electioneering address over the catafalque, in the course of which he intimated that Briand would have agreed to his (Tardieu's) project for a League Army whereas nothing could possibly be farther from the facts—as that Army is projected by Tardieu. The whole oration took one's breath away; for tragic travesty, unbeatable. Poor Aristide! And, then, soldiers—*soldiers*—marched past the coffin, albeit the officers did not carry drawn swords, nor was a gun-carriage provided, or a salute fired, the dead man once having stated his mind about artillery in a Geneva apostrophe "*en arrière les canons!*"

And, after that, Briand was borne opulently up the National Way and put down into the ground in the even noisier cemetery of Passy. They say he will presently be dug up and reburied on his hillside at Cocherel (how he would have loved that digging up!) Maybe. But I shall have to hear it first. Cardinal Verdier mightn't like the dog and cat disintegrating in so adjacent soil And relatives, never feeling so small as when summoned to the bier of the great, are easily persuaded.

Tardieu persuaded Briand's sister—an unknown provincial—into that national funeral right away There was barely timid mention of Cocherel. I shall have to hear it first, for is there not the parallel of Marshal Joffre to reckon with? The responsible officer for the Marne knew he would be for the Invalides unless he took his precautions And he particularly did not want to be for the Invalides because he knew Foch would be there too So "Papa" made it quite clear that he desired to be buried on his suburban property at Louveciennes. He is still in the Invalides, fifteen months after his death.

In passing, rather a muddle has occurred in connection with the Invalides. A year or two ago, in order to placate military families, a law was passed giving asylum under the famous dome to all who had commanded armies before the enemy. This meant the transference of some twenty remains. These are still coming in. But relatives have protested here and there, and so the arrangement is that where bodies are not transferred, standards are put up instead.

But the biggest muddle of all, over war dead, surely hinged on the return of the coffin ships to America

THE MAGNIFICENT PROCESSION, but one section wh funeral was sufficiently in opposition to his wishes; mo the funeral oration of Ta was

CLEMENCEAU won his last victory over official France by achieving a private funeral. Even this was marred by the unwanted presence of gendarmes. Clemenceau, shrewd old "Tiger," arranged legally that his quiet burial should take place within twenty-four hours of his death

WISHES =

Nationalistic Rhodomontade a Cardinal Feature of the the Definite Wishes for a by Great Figures of the and Ironically Disregarded

AND TUOHY

The Americans lost 33,000 dead in France, and half of these were slowly and painfully disinterred and enshipped at Antwerp. When the vessels arrived back in America, few were there to claim the coffins, and ships lay for weeks awaiting relatives. I once went over to the New Jersey side to verify this, and I remember reflecting on that occasion, "Not one of these doughboys but would have hated this. Not one of us but would have preferred to lie out on the battle-fields." Here, one saw last wishes being disregarded in mass by gold-starred mothers and the like, well-meaning, but over-possessive in their grief and pride.

It has been a source of surprise that only one Commander of those years has asked to be buried among his men—the Duke of Aosta.

Are last wishes being observed as faithfully to-day as in the past? Is France the exception, so rigidly bound by the death-cult? For that matter, *were* ultimate wishes so invariably respected in bygone days? Off-hand I can think of a few which were not. We have Napoleon's "Bury me on the banks of the Seine among the French people I have loved so well." Sir Hudson Lowe sat heavily on that, and it was not until 1840 that a Duc de Morny brought the Emperor to the banks of the Seine. Washington, also, was ignored. Did he not specifically ask for no oration? Yet. . . . "First in war, first in peace." Unless I am mistaken he also requested that his slaves should be freed, an anticipation of some sixty-five years. And there was Nelson. Praying that Lady Hamilton and little Horatia be taken care of by a grateful (?) nation. Over a hundred years later—admittedly, in different circumstances—another great Englishman was to make a similar request, and not in vain: Captain R. F. Scott.

which appears in this picture, which followed Briand's more of a travesty was the presence of the military; while was most ironical of all

PAPA JOFFRE endeavoured to escape the empty eloquence of the normal French State funeral but nevertheless still lies to-day, fifteen months after his death, in Les Invalides whither, knowing Foch was sure to go there, he had expressed every desire not to go

A distressing dissection-room touch, perhaps, hovered over Daniel O'Connell's bequeathing of his heart to Rome and his bones to Glasnevin. Yet it was carried out. In our own day similar dissection was carried out, *without* the dead's desire or permission, on Thomas Hardy. (Perhaps this episode marked finality with us in this kind of thing.)

Happier are the circumstances of a Rodin in his garden at Meudon (like Conan Doyle in Sussex), of a Chateaubriand on his windswept island off St. Malo, of Wilfrid Blunt wrapped in a Turkish rug in the Sussex woods, while the Bard's "Cursed be he who moves my bones" still works at Stratford; and there is Cecil Rhodes' mighty mound on the Matoppos—apparently the finest grave of them all—and Lord Carnarvon on his hilltop in the West Country, and how many others at sea and now beginning to be sprinkled from the air—like Colonel Henderson over Croydon Aerodrome. But Henderson was not the first. That distinction fell to an elderly American habitué of Montmartre who died some ten years ago and who arranged for his ashes to be tipped over the area of the night-life he loved—at 2 a.m.—so that his little friends could come out and (why not say it?) "receive a piece of me in the eye."

Queen Victoria was quite definite about not being buried under the same roof as a certain George, and so we see her at Frogmore. Her eldest daughter was not so fortunate in death. Desiring to be wrapped in the Union Jack and taken to England, the project was not considered politically desirable at the time (1901). The Empress Frederick's eldest son will be in better luck, for he will one day return to Potsdam to lie beside his first wife. Another imperial wish which remains to be fulfilled is that of the hapless Karl, who on the last morning at Funchal asked to be buried by the Danube.

Mention of the ex-Kaiser turns one to the delicate but possible subject of likely resting places of the still living. D'Annunzio has made no bones about it. He has already dug his plot and daily visits it. Where, though, shall the Duce one day lie? *That* is indeed a question. Shall he have supreme Roman magnificence or has he secretly willed a quiet plot in the Forli Hills? We may be sure of one thing; he will not be on view like the blue-blackish, embalmed Lenin, although there is no religious reason why he shouldn't be, since King Carlos and his heir can still be seen through glass in Lisbon. Lenin's show mausoleum was none of his own idea, so I was once informed, but emanated from Trotsky, who realized his position would weaken with the exit of his master, and sought this monstrous means of ineradicably perpetuating the latter's presence, hoping for subtle effect. It was also a scoff at immortality.

MARSHAL FOCH receives the fullest honours that French officialdom could pay to his remains. Knowing that the Generalissimo who supplanted him would be destined for Les Invalides, Joffre requested (in vain) that he might be excused a national funeral

And where a Hindenburg? The Germans have no Pantheon, no St. Paul's. Doubtless some massive shrine will arise, always providing the fine old marshal has not already opted for his native East Prussia. And what of those last two tombs to be filled in the Escurial?

Nearer home, we see things being increasingly simplified by the leaning of the great towards cremation. Shaw will doubtless disappear altogether—he, who is reputed to have been able to smile at a very close relative's cremation because it was what that person desired. Wells, too, had many friends at his wife's cremation and talked with them informally. That did not prevent him, however, writing a fine little memorial book, most exacting of labours.

These super-brains seem stoical enough before the flames. Are any of them in line for the Abbey? Personally, I can think of only two who may be: a famous poet-author, and a famous politician-statesman, and I am positive one of these, at least, has already clinched things for his native hills.

I shall conclude with the man-who-beat-them-to-it—beat the Parisians.

In September, 1922, I stayed at Talmont, Clemenceau's nearest town in the Vendée, whilst arranging to take that old sahib to America. I used to go over to the Tiger's shack each day, and one afternoon he said, "Let's go for a ride," and shortly afterwards we were shooting along at fifty in the Rolls Sir Basil Zaharoff gave Clemenceau, he in front with Albert, I alone in the back. After an hour or so we stopped, Clemenceau got out, signalled me to come too, and tramped off ahead. We tramped up through a copse and we stopped a moment and we tramped down again, and not a word spoken. But, on the point of mounting again beside the driver, the Tiger turned to me. "We've been to my grave," he said.

Well, and it was so.

Clemenceau was taking no risks whatsoever. He had retired in disgust at what he considered the ingratitude of his countrymen in not giving him the Elysée ("they were afraid.") His retirement was no social affair but bitter. He was determined there should be no body-snatching of old Father Victory to make a holiday for the Paris politicians he despised so. No lies, no lilies. No sublime praise, no cant and hypocrisy from these Lilliputians. The "Tiger" knew he stood in dire danger. So he hedged himself in, years before, had everything put in writing and duly lodged with the law. The burial was to be in progress before midnight of the day following his death. He was to be buried upright in the wilds of the Bocage near Luçon. Not a word spoken. Not a wreath. He squared the whole thing himself, to make amply sure. Tardieu, who had charge as Minister of the Interior—and there was irony in the circumstance since he was Clemenceau's discarded lieutenant—arranged that gendarmerie should turn out all the length of the last night motor-hearse journey from Paris down to the Vendée. Beyond that unwanted presence of officialdom, and the fact that it was found impossible to stand the coffin upright because of rock, Clemenceau won his last round with Paris.

THE ANGKOR SMILE

KHMER ART: A Brahmanic head dating back to the end of the twelfth century in the style of Bayon

HEAD OF A DEVATA: A Khmer masterpiece coeval with that on the left. The deity is named Banteai Kedei

HEAD OF A KNEELING BUDDHA: This is one of the finest pieces given to the Musée Guimet, Paris

A TRICEPHALOUS DEITY OF ANGKOR: A late twelfth century example of Khmer art from Indo China

The four pictures on this page present the Oriental version of La Gioconda—the mystic smile of the East. These figures have been given by the Government of Indo China to the Musée Guimet, Paris, and show the masterly treatment in mirth—tender or lascivious, divine or diabolic, according to the mood in which one regards it—attained by the Khmers of the late twelfth century when the colossal pile of Angkor was in its heyday.

A BRIAND FOREST

IN HONOUR OF BALFOUR: Planting trees on the hillside below Nazareth where 50,000 saplings have been put in as a tribute to the author of the declaration of Jewish nationalism

DRAINING THE MALARIAL MARSHES which have been caused largely by the deforestation of Palestine. Not only do trees afford a welcome shade to man and beast but by retaining moisture influence the yield of the land

THE BARE AND ARID HILLS are being planted with trees nominally as a token of gratitude to such men as Balfour and Briand and also, actually, as a means of improving the land and conserving the rainfall

BALFOURIA: The thriving settlement in the valley of Jezreel, named after A. J. B. There is already a Davidia, after "LI.G." and may be soon a Briandia

Jews of France are paying their own tribute to Aristide Briand. The bare hills of Palestine are to be clothed with trees and a Briand forest will recall for ever the great statesman's work for the Jewish National Home. In that land of rock and stone, of rare brown earth and aged history, the fresh green of living trees is a far more outstanding monument than just a granite obelisk. Eighty per cent. of the trees are pines, the species most suitable to the locality, and the rest is made up of leafy trees, acacias, carobs, cypresses and so on. Eventually these woodlands will be of great value to Palestine. Centuries of ill-treatment, largely by invading armies, have played havoc with the original woods. They were once luxuriant and Palestine was a prosperous and fruitful country. Trees, as is well known, do much to influence climatic conditions. They conserve moisture in the soil, restrict evaporation and prevent surplus rainfall running away too quickly. For lack of trees in Palestine, ponds have dried up and springs become choked. Running streams in the valleys have become marshes and hotbeds of malaria. Sand dunes on the coast are steadily encroaching inland. Water is the most urgent need before anything can be done in Palestine. The annual rainfall is ample for all needs if it could be conserved

THE HAYDN BICENTENARY

THE SPINET at which Haydn composed much of his immortal music. It is set in a corner of the living-room of the house in Vienna where he died—a building now devoted to relics of the great composer

THE AUTHOR OF THE SURPRISE SYMPHONY: Josef Haydn, after an engraving by Schiavonetti, in the throes of inspiration. Haydn was born on April 1, 1732, and died in 1809. The bicentenary of his birth is a great festival

WHERE HAYDN WAS BORN: The room in the farm at Rohrau, near the Hungarian border, in which the Austrian composer of "Creation" and "The Seasons" first saw the light of day

The son of a Croat wheelwright, born 200 years ago yesterday at Rohrau on the frontiers of Austria and Hungary is the subject of a great musical celebration this year. This was Josef Haydn (1732-1809). Regarded as the father of the symphony, Haydn concentrated on pure melody rather than the mathematical form of the Bach school. The house in which he died in Vienna—a city in which he was a popular figure—is now a Haydn museum

A ROMAN NECROPOLIS

THE MUSEUM which has just been erected within a few yards of the Fabrica de Tabacos at Tarragona, to house the finds of the Roman village and necropolis discovered in the grounds of the factory

RELICS OF ROME IN SPAIN: The remains of the village and the road which separated it from the necropolis—i.e. cemetery—which have just been unearthed in the grounds of the tobacco factory seen in the background

THE INTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM which has just been erected to house the finds recently discovered in Tarragona. The Roman settlement was found in the very grounds of the Fabrica de Tabacos

A MARBLE SARCOPHAGUS, believed to be early Christian, which is one of the most valuable finds in the necropolis just discovered at Tarragona

The proud speech of the Roman in "The Ballad of the White Horse"—"For all the earth is Roman Earth"—is as much truth as poetry, for remains of that mighty empire and civilization are being found in the most unlikely places every day. Spain was a land that did not enjoy the full Roman culture, yet in Tarragona—the ancient Tarraco—some fifty miles West-South-West of Barcelona—a city, moreover, which has a Phœnician and a Carthaginian as well as a Roman tradition—in the grounds of a Tobacco factory a Roman village and its necropolis or cemetery has just been discovered. A museum has been erected by the Fabrica de Tabacos to enshrine the various treasures that are even now being excavated. Several finds of outstanding interest have been unearthed, among which are some early Christian sarcophagi, one of which, ornamented with carved lions' heads is reproduced here; others bear figures of saints and symbolical personages representing the Old and the New Testament. Several tombs in limestone, one of which is ornamented with the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul; and some finely carved capitals of columns. An open air museum has also been established hard by the tobacco factory, laid out in formal style. So preservative is the soil that a skeleton, probably of Roman date, has also been excavated.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW PREFECTURE: A glimpse of a Tirana celebration, carried out by Princess Myzeje, the sister of King Zogu. The Minister of the Interior, Musa Juka, and the Prefect of the Capital, Rexhar Jella are seen above

CHANGING ALBANIA

The Passing of the Dark Age for a Balkan Kingdom

By D. R. OAKLEY-HILL

In a narrow strip of Balkan coast and mountain, all that is left to them of the land they have called home for as long as history can tell, the Albanians are building a new State. That this ancient nation should have still the vitality to seek their freedom, and, having won it, to raise for themselves a State on the ruins of the Turkish domination which lasted for more than four hundred years—this is cause for wonder. But the fact is there.

For Albania the dark age is over. On November 28 begins the twentieth year of her hard-won independence. Long enough, it would seem, for a young State to grow strong; but in reality most of it was lost to Albania. During the Great War she was a battle ground, and for many years after foreign intrigue, and doubt as to her future, kept up a restless strife of factions. Only on Christmas Eve, 1924, when young Ahmet Zogu came back to power, was the first sod really cut. He is now a three-years' king, and the reign of Zogu has been one of peace and progress for his people.

Albania is not a remote island, fit for the creation of a Utopia. Least of all are the Balkans, where the air is heavy with influences, an ideal nursery for a new State. But yet what a chance is hers! Here, as never before perhaps, East and West are face to face. One is her own past; the other knocks clamorously at her gate, offering every modern convenience. It is hers to fashion her future from the best of both.

The centre of Albania's progress is the new capital, Tirana. Here, in a short three years, a Balkan village has attained the makings of a spacious city. The old and new are side by side. In the low, rambling, brown-roofed bazaar coppersmiths hammer out their vessels of antique design, and the potter lifts a graceful pitcher from his wheel. In the crooked, cobbled alleys, gay with piles of fruit and vegetables, donkeys jostle the crowding marketers.

But round the corner are wide, straight streets where elegant ladies leave their motor-cars, to buy, in modern shops, dresses from Rome or shoes from Prague. Broad boulevards are advancing through the town. Armies of workmen are digging, laying pipes and mixing concrete for the new town plan.

Last summer official Tirana began a new life. From many scattered houses, whatever could be found and rented, government departments have come together into six new palaces. These, and a seventh, the new Bashkija, or town hall, face each other across the Boulevard Zogu, which opens out at this central point into what will be a wide, gardened piazza, the Whitehall of Albania. With their chaste, almost classical façades, they yet symbolize the colossus of progress as they tower above the old town, like Mount Dajti across the way looks down on its broken foothills.

Other towns have not had the same urge to expansion, though activity is the general rule. Korcha (Koritza) is in many ways the most modern. Numbers of her citizens have for years emigrated to America, and they bring back money and western habits. But earthquake has caused a set-back, and in making good the havoc the authorities are wisely taking the chance to replan the town.

At Durrs (Durazzo), work on the harbour is in full swing. Albania has several good natural harbours with anchorage, but at Durrs, when this undertaking is completed in another year or two, she will have her first dock. Shkodra (Scutari) has a troubled history, but a charm it need be in no hurry to lose. The market and meeting place of the northern mountains, it has something of the air of a cathedral city, with its grey stone houses, quiet streets between high grey walls, and echoing church bells. Here each market day gather in great numbers men and women from the highlands, with their bold stride and gay attire. They have not much to sell nor much to buy, but they like to meet their fellow-men. When this scene passes the world will be the poorer.

But the men of the north change slowly. Their lives are of ancient simplicity and their codes and creeds as simple and direct. Their poverty is often dire, but they are proud people and offer all their house holds to a guest. This real sense of hospitality is common to all classes of Albanians; but it lies deepest in the mountains where the stranger is the wayfarer in need of shelter.

The houses of the mountains are generally stone built, like little fortresses, with slits for windows in the walls of the upper storey where they live, while their animals are stabled beneath. The tradition of self-preservation lingers, though a gendarmerie of increasing efficiency has brought a measure of security to the remotest highland village. Roads, schools, and doctors have not reached these people yet. Their mighty peaks have kept out progress.

Right in the heart of Albania, in a cup of the mountains where the river Shkumbi tumbles out of a gorge, lies a gem of the past, the town of Elbasan. It lies where lay the Roman town of Skampa, clothed with olive groves and cypresses, trees of great age and size. Above its low tiled roofs and crumbling Venetian bastions many minarets cut the sky. But a rival has outpointed them, the stack of a modern olive-oil factory. Electric light is coming too, as it has come to other towns.

The streets of Elbasan are cobbled, and washed by running water. The shops are stalls. The women wear the ferreje and veil, and move about the town unknown, studies in black and white. But those who know their homes know they are the homiest. With the coming of freer customs this old home sense may suffer.

In the capital especially, partly owing to the influence of the foreign community, social customs are changing. Some Moslem women of the higher classes have dropped the veil and appear at public dances

RELICS OF THE TURKISH DOMINION are to be seen in the costume that still persists in Albania

and other functions. With the new shops offering so many tempting fashions and materials, no woman, even of the stricter families, likes to be left out of it, and in the streets short skirts and silk stockings consort quaintly with the black veil.

Happily the delightful Albanian national and local dresses show no sign of dying out among the peasants. Their homespun wool is strong and economical, and fits their lives far better than a western suit. The well-to-do classes have taken to European clothes everywhere except for land-owners in the remoter parts; but they keep their grand gold-embroidered costumes in a drawer!

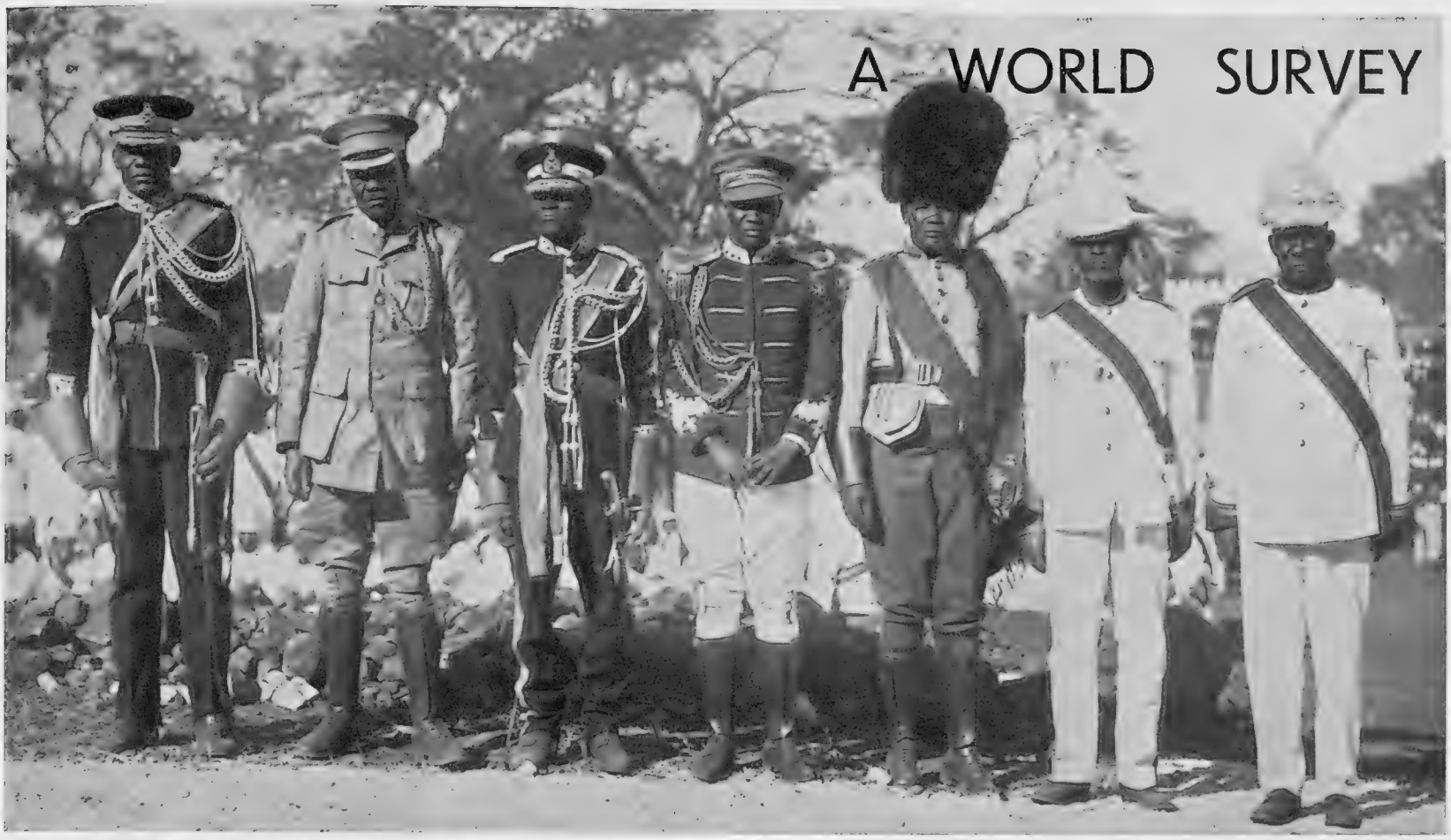
The Albanian of the north now mixes more freely with his brother of the south. One cause is the compulsory service in the Army which has brought together young men of all districts into the same units. Another is the improved communications. There are no railways, but the motor-car has become the ordinary means of transport. Recently, between many towns, regular services of light motor-buses have been started. The thirty-one miles from Durrs to Tirana in one of these costs but one-and-fourpence. Road construction is going ahead in many parts and only the mountains of the north and north-east are still roadless. Time and money must conquer them too.

(Continued on p. 36)

THE MUSLIM PERSISTS in Albania, as this figure, typical at once of Islam and the Illyrian shore, eloquently proves

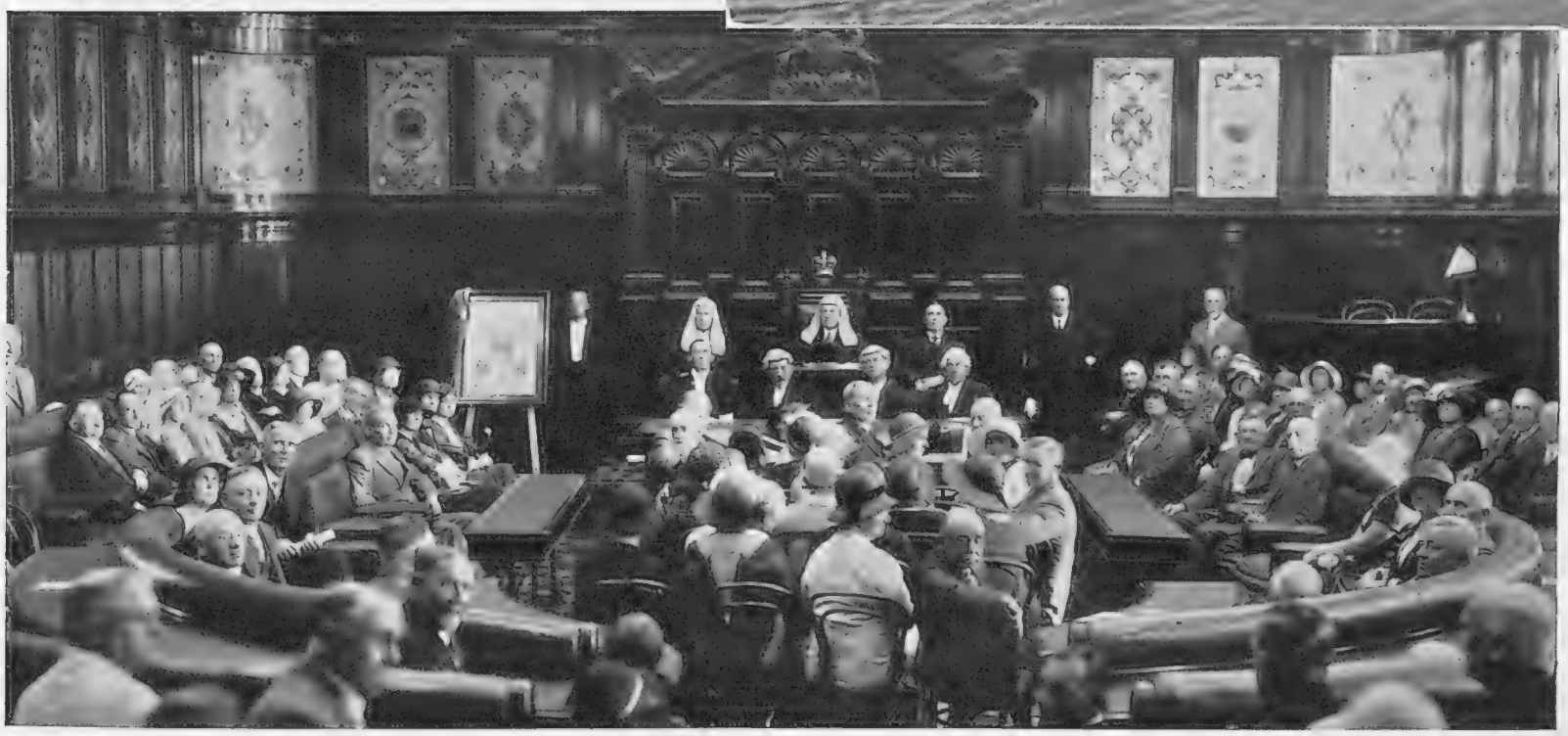
THE CAPITAL: A view of Tirana which shows the recent progress in the rebuilding of the city. One mosque has been destroyed but the other is being retained. A part of the new wing of ministerial offices is visible above

A WORLD SURVEY



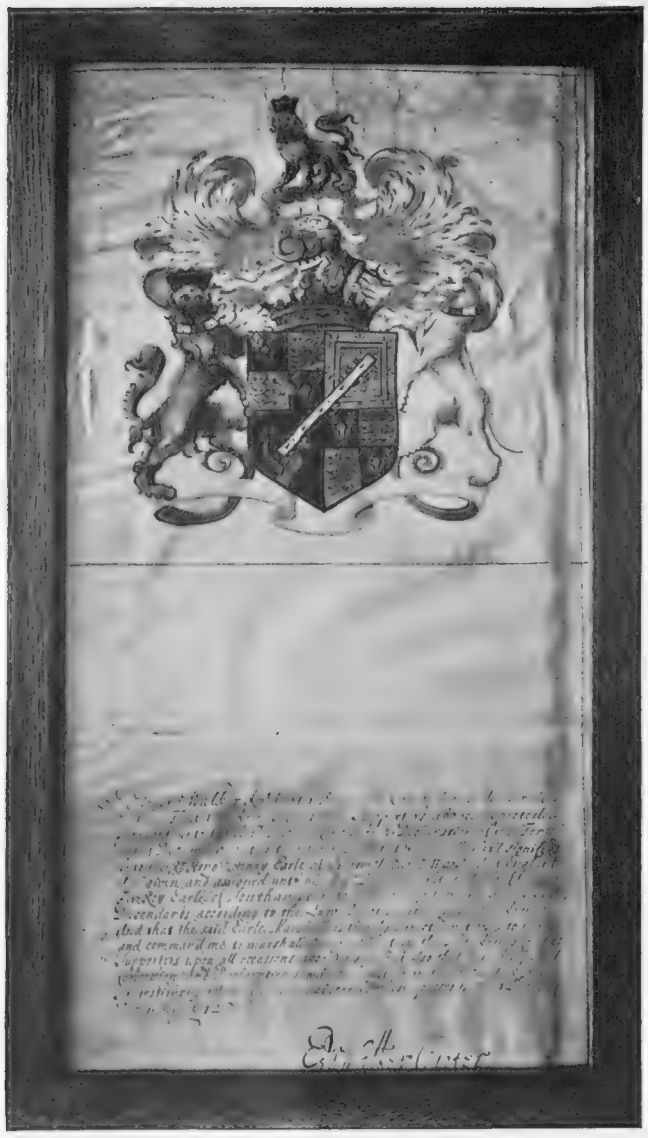
WHERE OLD ARMY UNIFORMS GO: The recent statement that save for the Guards and Bandsmen the Army is to stay khaki has brought it out that old uniforms are sold all over the world. This group in Bechuanaland forms the chief's suite!

ENGLISH POLICE HELMETS CAP THE POLICE OF VENEZUELA: Worn out police helmets are shipped to South America, and are there sold to the civic force of Caracas, capital of Venezuela, who wear them above their native uniform



THE CENTENARY OF THE PARLIAMENT OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA: The gathering of notables in the Parliament House. The President of the Legislative Council, Sir John Kirwan, is seen above (centre), with the Speaker on his right, and the Deputy Premier on his left

Inset—HUNTING IN FLOODED GIBRALTAR: Lieutenant Turner of H.M.S. *Sesame* and Miss Nancy Breeds out with the T. V. Beagles—a new pack, hunted by Major C. H. S. Townsend, consisting of twelve couple, which have to be followed on horseback. "Gib" has been flooded of late



"DEBRUISED OF A BÂTON SINISTER": The original grant of arms made by Charles II to Charles Fitzroy, Earl of Southampton. Lilies of France, leopards of England, tressureflory counterflory enclosing Scotland's lion, and harp of Ireland are the royal arms, with the bâton for the left-handed descent

HERALDRY—THE SHO

"The peacock in his pride," "The moon in her detriment," "The pelican in her piety." No, these pretty phrases are not out of the Bible. They are part of the vocabulary of Heraldry. This week I have been to the College of Arms, that quiet backwater off busy Queen Victoria Street. Here live, or rather work, the Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy; Somerset, Richmond, Lancaster, Windsor, Chester, and York Heralds; Rouge Dragon, Blue Mantle, Portcullis, and Rouge Croix-Pursuivants. Garter King of Arms is at their head; the other twelve are like solicitors who practise not law, but heraldry,

To them come Americans, Englishmen, Australians, and South Africans, new peers (labour and otherwise), sheriffs, knights Grand Cross, and mayors, as well as retail drapers and all kinds of men anxious for coats of arms, or to trace their pedigrees. Every year about 150 grants of arms are allowed, and each of them costs £76 10s. Among them may be counted twenty to thirty Americans eager to prove relationship with armigerous families, as those are called who are entitled to coats of arms. For there are at least 1,500 Americans, from about 300 families who are entitled to coats of arms.

It is against the constitution to grant coats of arms to citizens of foreign countries, but there is nothing to stop the lineal descendants of English armigerous families, which have emigrated, from having their claim to the original family coat of arms confirmed. Nothing that your ancestors have done can take away your right to a coat of arms. Nothing can remove that privilege even from yourself, and even though you since have gone to gaol. Look at Clarence Hatry for example. He had a coat of arms. He still has it, even though it does not do him much good in prison. It is not like the D.S.O. or other emblems of rank. They took Sir Edgar Speyer's Privy Councillorship away from him. Many an officer who has committed a misdemeanour has lost his Distinguished Service Order.

It does not follow, of course, that if you apply, with £76 10s. in your hand, for a coat of arms you will get it. The Herald or Pursuivant, or whoever it is you go to see at the College of Arms, may tell you politely but firmly that it is no good sending in your name to the secretary of the Earl Marshal, if you are a tobacconist or taxi-cab proprietor, or somebody else to whom a coat of arms is of no necessity. Even if you get past the Herald, it is always possible for the Earl Marshal (the Duke of Norfolk) to refuse your request. This is admittedly rare, but it happens on occasion.

The origin of coats of arms, and the need for them, can be well explained in a parable. It is 1360. Two carters are squatting on a hill watching the affair in the vale below. Says one carter to the other, as a knight in full armour rides at full gallop against another and tumbles him to the ground, "It looks as if William, the Blue Baron of Warwickshire, is having a bit of a field day."

"Which one is he?"

"Doncher know? The one with the two lymphads on his shield. He is certainly hot stuff."

They suck a couple of straws. Out comes the Blue Baron again to meet another contender. Crash! A sound like a lot of tin cans floats up the hill.

"Got him at last," says the first carter. "Three cheers for the Galloping Marquess. I always liked his style. Sure? Of course it was the Galloping Marquess. Look at those rampant wyverns on his shield. You can't miss him."

"It suttinly makes it easier to see who's who since they started those there emblems."

That's heraldry—that was. It was a system of identification as clean cut as the number on the back of a forward in an International Rugger match (not Scotland), or the stripes on a sergeant's sleeve. It was made necessary in the ancient days when a military camp was composed of many small units controlled by individual feudal lords on whom the necessity of a pictured standard was imposed to enable their illiterate followers to muster at the right point.

To-day heraldry has to move with the times, like everything else—except poetry. There is scarcely anything you can imagine which has not been introduced some time or another into a coat of arms. It is said that if you look for them you can find on certain coats of arms St. John's head on a charger, a locomotive, a sausage on a gridiron, a Noah's Ark, a safety lamp, a telescope, a corrugated boiler flue, and a radiometer. A man went to one of the Heralds, not long ago, and asked that his coat of arms should bear "a ship approaching Yarmouth Harbour." The ultimate compromise was a peculiar kind of galleon on a series of heraldic waves. All kinds of odd queries come to the various kings of arms, heralds, pursuivants. One man wrote to the College of Arms last year from the Middle West and said that his grandfather had been born in London, and had an ancestral seat which was called either Earl's Court or Baron's Court—he could not remember which. Another Middle Westerner of the name of Robinson, said that his great-grandfather was either Lord James or Lord John Robinson—he, too, was not quite certain which it was.

"Be careful, though," said one of the Heralds to me, "not to make fun of the Americans. They are all most earnest and often surprisingly well informed about heraldry. Of course there are numbers of odd organizations like the Knights of Runnymede and Dames of the Magna Carta which are obviously organized by someone with an ulterior motive. But this interest in their English ancestry is a very fine thing and helps more than anything to cement a good feeling between the two nations. One may smile at the way they use their crests all over their stationery, motor-cars, and so on. Ducal coats of arms, with supporters complete, are taken wholesale. The fact remains that there is a very proper pride in their British descent and you do not want to ridicule it. After all, there is quite a number of highly absurd home-made coats of arms in this country also. These have diminished since the publications of Burke and Debrett and the other books of reference, but there are still quite a few."

This Herald then proceeded to explain to me the status of the College of Arms. First of all it is not subsidized in any way by the State or the Government. Its upkeep is maintained by a deduction of a percentage of the fees given to the various kings of arms, heralds, and pursuivants. Once upon a time there were "fees of honour" for the coats of arms of bishops, knights, and the like, but they were all done away with in 1902. It is true that the Inland Revenue takes £10 from the £76 10s. for the grant of a coat of arms. But the college itself subsists on the earnings of the twelve "agents" as one may call them. Each week one of the latter acts as orderly officer. He sits downstairs in a special room, answers all inquiries that do not need correspondence, and generally superintends the welfare of the place. If by any chance someone comes in with a request for research—well, that is his good luck, unless the visitor specifies some particular officer of arms, as they are called, whose services he wishes to engage.

In the ordinary course of events the day of an Officer of Arms begins at 10 o'clock in the morning with a mail of twenty or thirty letters. These are mostly reports from various searchers employed by him to look up pedigrees in various parts of the country.

KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER: The arms of the Knights [illegible] been made for the instruction of Prince Arthur, [illegible] left-hand coat is per pale, and the second from the [illegible] has its gr[illegible]

HERALD'S COLLEGE: The copy of an old print showing the Earl Marshal of England (an office hereditary to the Dukes of Norfolk) holding his Court at the College of Arms

RTHAND OF HISTORY

The Modern Organization which Carries on an Ancient and Precise Science which is by no Means Out-of-date and Survives not as an Antiquarian nor as a Snobbish Interest but as an Essential and Integral Part of the Life of To-day

By CHARLES GRAVES

Several need replies, and then during the rest of the day he receives a number of callers who wish to discuss various heraldic points. One may want to trace his family's connection with that of some noble house. Another may enquire about the coat of arms suitable jointly for his wife and himself. To know about this point the Officer of Arms must find out whether the wife is an heiress. And that is a phrase which is invariably used wrongly by the newspapers, who use it to mean any girl with money. Actually, of course, the girl's father has to be dead if she is to be called an heiress correctly, and she must be an only child. Another common error—and heraldry is full of them—revolves round the phrase "bar sinister," signifying illegitimacy. The proper phrase for royal illegitimacy is "bâton sinister." To-day a bordure wavy or compony and a bendlet wavy are usually assigned. About twenty noble families have their arms debruised of a bâton sinister, beginning with the Dukes of St. Albans and ending with the Earls of Munster.

One of the annoyances of being an officer of arms is that some of your friends are very much inclined to ask you to work out the most obscure points in their family history—without expecting to pay you for it; while the others, thinking that it is a kind of Government department, carefully go to someone else at the College of Arms to save you the trouble of the extra work. Each of the officers of arms has a pretty good idea of what the others are earning. But speaking generally it is not much more than that of Handicappers to the Jockey Club. It must not be supposed that in the case of a grant of arms, the whole of the £76 10s. goes to the officer of arms who does it for you. One way and another, only about £20 ends in his pocket, and often the clients call a dozen times before they are satisfied with the final sketch.

ight the premier Order of Chivalry—a record believed to have
nur, young son of Henry VII. Some arms are quarterly, the top
the in the second line for example, is not only quarterly but
is g quarters quartered

People who may think that the College of Arms is an anachronism in these days are very much misled. It is the College of Arms through which it is made possible for, let us say, the Duke of Grafton's sisters to have the precedence of a duke's sisters although they were not born in that position. It is an officer of the College of Arms who inspects the new colours of British regiments. It is through the College of Heralds that a new peer is enabled to decide on his title—very often a tricky business nowadays—and of course on his coat of arms. Lord Snowden has refused the latter. But he did not refuse his peerage.

Sometimes the territorial title is not an easy matter to decide. Sixty years ago nobody who was created a peer failed to have a place in the country from which he could derive his title. To-day a new peer often has nothing more than a flat in the West-End or a house in the suburbs. Supposing I had no property, I should be asked where I was born. The answer would be Wimbledon. But I could not become Lord Wimbledon because, though there is no peer of that name to-day, there are Cecils, one of whom held that title.

In the case of Lord Oxford and Asquith, there was a precedent in the case of Harley, who was made Lord Oxford and Mortimer although he was no relation of the original and aristocratic De Veres. But it must always be remembered that "Margot," as his widow, is Lady Oxford and Asquith. Neither she nor anyone else would be right in dropping the "and Asquith," however much a mouthful it may be.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: To this quiet building in Queen Victoria Street come all applications for the tracing of pedigree or the grant of arms. Each grant costs £76 10s. Americans are among the most ardent consultors of the college

The College of Arms is also called into play whenever a man is made a Knight Grand Cross. Most orders have chapels, and the Knights Grand Cross must instal their blazoned coat of arms there. Sheriffs and Mayors need them also. At the moment the Gas Light and Coke Company has applied for coat of arms on a par with various big corporations like Lloyds and the Stock Exchange. A coat of arms is useful to them because it is not a trade mark, and yet it is a distinguishing emblem.

But what *is* a coat of arms? The answer is the arms, the helmet, the mantling, the wreath, the crest, and the motto. You may also have supporters, a compartment, a *cri de guerre*, a standard, a badge, and an augmentation. Oddly enough, if your Coat has no crest it means that you come of a very ancient family—one that has had the right to bear arms ever since the Spanish Armada or earlier.

If you are a peer, the helmet is of silver. If you are a knight or baronet, it is of steel and full-face. If you are an esquire or a gentleman, it is also of steel, but in profile. One cannot go into all the details which will enable you to learn all about a man's family merely from his coat of arms, but it is worth while pointing out that the *cri de guerre* was the origin of the motto. "Crom a boo," as Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies has pointed out, was certainly the *cri de guerre* of the Fitzgeralds. But, as he goes on to say in his book of heraldry, it would be too utterly contemptible for a modern family to invent a form of words as a motto which might look like a *cri de guerre*.

Mottoes themselves are of little importance in the eyes of genealogists. They did not become a usual part of a coat of arms until the latter half of the seventeenth century, and to-day there is no copyright in them, and anyone can change their family motto if they wish to do so. Speaking generally, Norman-French mottoes are the oldest. Some of the old English ones go back a long way. The Latin ones are seldom more than two hundred years old.

Pictures by Humphrey Joel

THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: The Earl Marshal's Court, showing his throne, and facing it the banners of the British Dominions, which were borne at the last Coronation. The office of Earl Marshal is no sinecure

Owing to the large number of members of the peerage who were killed in the War, title after title is going nowadays to remote relatives. Take the case of Lord Egmont, the American who came over from America three years ago to assume this title and to live on the Perceval property at Bradford-on-Avon. Lord Egmont, though he is living on the estate, has not yet proved his right to the peerage, and in consequence has not yet been able to sit in the House of Lords. It is all the more difficult in this case because Lord Egmont's predecessor was also a remote relative of the previous earl. Meantime, Lord Egmont's position is unique.

(Continued on p. 36)

IN UNKNOWN ARABIA

BUILT FOR DEFENCE : A typical house, towering seven storeys, with embrasures for purposes of war. The towns are either perched on impregnable cliffs or built like a fortress

A WATCH TOWER set outside the town of Horeda

NOT AMERICA BUT ARABIA : The amazing resemblance between the silhouette of these tonkn even Egyptian influences have been preserved by the isolation of Hadramaut; the severe,

CASTLES ON THE CLIFFS show the character of the Arabs between Oman and Aden

To the present day Arabia is still to us a queer and unreal country, a world of the Middle Ages, full of riddles and mysteries. Seven times larger than Germany, it is no doubt the only settled country of our earth which still comprises hundreds of thousands of square miles of unexplored territory. In particular, in the south, the forests of Yemen and Hadramaut, situate on the gulf of Aden, with their history dating back three thousand years of which but very little is so far known, are points of longing to every Arabian explorer. Hadramaut and Yemen are the only principalities of Arabia which have been able to maintain complete independence against European influences. Here is soil of civilization dating back to primeval times. In Yemen lie the ruins of Saba, the mystic royal city of which the old Greek writers have written. The story of this mysterious and interesting kingdom is recorded in the so-called Hymnaritic inscriptions which are still to-day to be found everywhere both Hadramaut and in Yemen. The oldest of these Sabaic inscriptions date from ab the fifth century B.C. and the great period of the Kings of Saba ended in the s century A.D., when the south Arabian kingdoms were conquered by the Ethiopi the present-day Abyssinians. It is extremely difficult for a European to penetrate the Yemen or into the still more closed lands of Hadramaut. The hinterland Hadramaut has indeed only been visited so far by three or four Europeans. Du the last thirty-five years only Wisemann, apart from myself, succeeded in penetrat beyond the coastal mountains of Hadramaut. I was myself indebted to a ha accident for the possibility of visiting this most shut-off land of the world. The Su of Makalla, whom I had got to know in Djedda, invited me to visit him and also g

Where No White Resident Dwells—The Revelation of a Recent Visit into Hadramaut

nknown Arabia and those of New York is quite remarkable. Greek, Indian and e, for example, is quite unlike any other Oriental school of architecture

HOUSES, AND A BRIDGE over a dried-up river in Sanaa

PERCHED PRECARIOUS: A princely stronghold in South Arabia. Hadramaut and Yemen are the only Arabian states that have resisted European influence, the civilization dating back to primeval times. Hymnaritic inscriptions are still extant in both areas

THE CITADEL of the warrior town of Terim in Yemen

me letters of recommendation to all the dignitaries of the country. Hadramaut is governed by several Sultans and Saids, as the posterity of the prophets call themselves. It therefore has no overlord like Yemen, with its Imâm. Throughout the land up to to-day, there is not a single European resident, not even in the two largest harbour towns of Makalla and Schecher, which however each number 30,000 inhabitants. The towns of Hadramaut are to-day still, all of them, large and small alike, constructed as fortresses. They are either surrounded by a huge city wall or built high on a rock. Each house has, beneath each window, an embrasure, for the Arabs are a warlike people; disputes between tribes are a commonplace of every day. The most wonderful thing in this country is the architecture. The houses are all very high. I have seen some of ten storeys, the building material being exclusively clay bricks. The seclusion of Hadramaut for centuries has preserved the Greek and Indian and, partly, the Egyptian influences. For this reason these towns present to the surprised European visitor a positively magical aspect both in the solidity of their architecture and in their beauty of form and the severity of their line. Generally, wide areas of Hadramaut have been made fertile by the aid of carefully-contrived irrigation installations. The towns are relatively clean. Plagues such as bubonic and cholera are unknown to this happy people and, thanks to its remoteness, it likewise knows no European disease. Slavery still flourishes in Hadramaut, and thousands of negroes from Zanzibar and other regions of Africa work in the service of the Sultans and the other rich men of Hadramaut. The currency of Hadramaut is the Maria-Theresa thaler.

Hans Helfritz

BOOKS—

The Stratford Affront: Italy Under Fascismo: Two Bad Books: Theatrical Reminiscences: A Cultured Mind Among the Cultured

By CECIL ROBERTS

An appalling motoring accident, in which my car was instantly converted into a heap of ruins, and three of us stretched out unconscious on the highway until a hospital ambulance collected us, has made me wonder if Fate, in inducing temporary concussions, was really attempting a kindness. For a whole week I have had difficulty in recollecting things, but one thing unfortunately has not been effaced or dimmed by that accident. An hour before the mishap at the cross-roads we had visited Stratford-on-Avon. It was one of the most perfect days of this enchanting Spring—clear, sunny, with a sparkle in the air. On gaining the crest of the hill which gives one the lovely glimpse of Stratford in the hollow, with its roofs and placid stream, I was about to exclaim to my guest upon this treasured gem in the heart of England when horror froze my lips. There, where the old memorial theatre had raised its tower above the water and the bridge, I saw—was it a Celanese stocking factory, a branch of the Detroit automobile trade creeping in behind tariff walls, a collecting station for Carter Paterson, or simply a hallucination? I blinked and looked again. The great, hideous, red-brick block squatted grimly by the water's edge. Suddenly the nature of this architectural atrocity was revealed to me. It was the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Firmly grasping the wheel of my car, hoping that it was distance which gave disenchantment to the view, I made no comment, but pressed on. The nearer one drew the worse this monstrosity became.

I am inured to the Germanic influence in architecture. The Prussian, having failed to press his iron heel on our necks, has impressed his brutal brick and concrete on our eyes. There is the rayless fortress of Olympia, a kind of Brobdingnagian slot-machine; there is the new *Daily Express* office, not unattractive in its response to the age of Aldous Huxley; there are the successive affronts of Epstein to our sanity, but all these experiments are diminished or subdued by proximity to less eccentric erections. The Stratford Memorial Theatre stands alone, proud and conspicuous in its hideousness.

The near view of the building increased the tragedy. The entrance, in an attempt at cinema-palace splendour, has dismally failed. Some figures on the façade have all the Epstein viscosity with none of his attack. The terrace by the river reminds me of the verandahed stern of a battleship on which admirals grew geraniums; the image arises without the accompanying hope that one day it will be blown up.

They informed me the interior was beautiful. It may be. But the hotels would do well to provide their guests with blinkers to enable them to get to their seats without pain. The inhabitants are strangely silent upon the brick behemoth sprawling on their banks. Controversy has raged, but the thing is there, a part of their livelihood. "It is very nice inside" is all they can say. But what will all those Americans, lovers of Merrie England, of Tudor brick and Elizabethan black and white, say when they see the result of Sir Archibald Flower's assiduous collection of their dollars? Will they shake the dust of Stratford from their feet; will they, pilgrims from Oshkosh, Memphis, and Kalamazoo, pack their wardrobe trunks in the oak-beamed bedrooms of the Shakespeare's Head, and indignantly demand why they should have been lured five thousand miles to see one of Mr. Carl Lemmle's conceptions of paradise? I fear so. Perhaps a kindly fate will smash their departing cars at the cross-roads and, inducing an unconsciousness more lasting than mine, wipe out this insult to Shakespeare's memory and their own generosity.

RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Baccarat Case," by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE. (Hodge and Co. 10s. 6d. net); "Twelve More Ladies," by SIDNEY DARK. (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net); "Sea-Dogs of To-Day," by A. J. VILLIERS. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net); "Thirty Years in the Golden North: Arctic Adventures," by JAN WELZL. (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net); "From Baltic to Black Sea," by ARCHIBALD FORMAN. (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d. net); "Pawns and Kings," by SEAMARK. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).

Let us turn to books from bricks. Miss Cicely Hamilton, who gave us that excellent study, *Modern Germanics*, has now packed her knapsack and walked over the Alps into Italy. As a result of her observant eye and expressive pen we have now *Modern Italy* (Dent. 7s. 6d.). It is, of course, a review of Fascist Italy. I was at once curious to learn what her vigorous, independent mind made of Fascismo. She is an ardent feminist, and Fascismo, for its women, has insisted on *Küche, Kinder, Kirche,* with insistence, and a cash bonus on the *Kinder*. In Italy spinsters and bachelors cannot evade the propaganda of contempt. In the determination that Italy shall burst, Mussolini has shut down the safety valve of emigration, and is stoking up the boilers with an intensive birth-campaign. He believes in the volcanic solution of racial problems; better to burst than barely breathe.

Miss Hamilton, with complete honesty reflected in every word she breathes, has deliberately shed from herself all predilections and prejudices. The result is a very frank tribute to the achievement of Fascismo. Much as she dislikes the methods she admires the result, and as with so many of us, she is reluctantly compelled to share Mussolini's belief that democracy, incapable of disciplining itself, races to self-indulgent ruin. "We say to the responsible governors of other nations: You will pass the same way that we have passed; you also, if you wish to survive, must put an end to talkative parliamentary systems."

We have found this sadly true, but even so, an inborn sense of freedom revolts against giving one's conscience into the keeping of the State. As Miss Hamilton points out, the Italians' surrender is not difficult; they are a race nurtured on tyrannies. When the despot was the most despotic, Italy flourished. She flourishes to-day without a Parliament, with a muzzled Press, with the elimination of all political criticism. Mussolini has made Italy solvent, prompt, clean, obedient and energetic. Miss Hamilton believes that the price of freedom is not too much to pay for these things. The tremendous arrogance in which the rising generation is bred—Italy won the World War, Italy will win every war of the future because her will is sacred—justly fills the world with apprehension. I do not think Mussolini wants war. He is a man of insight and sense. But neither did the Kaiser, yet he was pushed through the window of the shop in which he magnificently paraded.

Every page of this book is engrossing, packed with common sense and clear vision, but I do not feel Miss Hamilton knows the scene as she knew the German scene. Her omissions are remarkable. There is not a word upon Italy's greatest achievement, the building of a large mercantile marine, her ambitious attempt at Porto Maghera to seize the route to India lost to Venice by the rounding of the Cape. She seems unaware of the unhappy political exiles on the islands of Pantelleria, of the immense growth of hydro-electric power drawn from the Alps, of the rehabilitation of Sardinia and Calabria, of Italian colonial policy in Tunisia, Eritrea, Tripoli and, as we are acutely conscious, Malta. It would seem impossible to write a book on modern Italy and omit all mention of Fiume, the Adriatic policy, Yugo-Slavia and Albania, yet the omission is made, and the grave problem of the Italianized Tyrol is just skated over without any real recognition of the burning grievances of a subdued alien race.

It will be seen, therefore, in a country where women are without votes and man may not eat bananas or take a holiday across his frontiers, or make the mildest criticism of his governors, Miss Hamilton, evading controversy and judgment, has only seen a little, and that the pleasant little. If the Italians like this form of government we have no right to criticize their choice. They flourish under it. Since freedom and the right of criticism are the breath of life to me I ceased living in Italy, leaving behind me my wishes for her prosperity in the present régime.

Here are two poor books which you may spare yourself reading—*On the Russian Front*, by Colonel Max Wild (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.), and *El Greco and Cervantes*, by Hans Rosenkrantz (Davies. 10s. 6d.). I have great respect for both Mr. Bles and Mr. Davies as publishers, but I cannot think why they publish superfluous books. Candidly, I have doubt about the credentials of Max Wild, who claims to have been in control of the German Secret Intelligence Service and to have formed a vast espionage system to frustrate Russian investigations. There is not a date or a confirmative circumstance in the whole book. We are asked to believe that Max Wild was the confidential pet of Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and Mackensen, who patted him on the back. His story of escape from a shooting party is sheer Hollywood. He commits the common howler of attributing the victory of Tannenberg to Hindenburg, when every properly informed student knows it was François' victory, as Hindenburg has always been careful to maintain. If Colonel Wild really knew, saw, and achieved all he claims, he has constructed a mass of uncircumstantial evidence such as would delight a writer of third-rate mystery yarns.

As for *El Greco and Cervantes* I have long observed that in no field is there so much pretentious jargon used as in that of art criticism. Herr Rosenkrantz's book is termed a study in "the rhythm of experience," whatever that may mean. It abounds in pontifical commonplaces—"It is well to remember that superficial judgment can be misleading. He was decidedly not an expressionist in the modern sense, though undoubtedly a painter of expression—which is not the same thing. . . . El Greco mastered people by understanding them." All this reminds me of a game of my schooldays; you had to put in commas and make sense of a sentence that finally read—"that that is, is not that that is not, is not that it, it is!"

Mr. Cedric Hardwicke's book, *Let's Pretend* (Grayson. 15s.), which he describes as "recollections and reflections of a lucky actor," will please those who

(Continued on p. 36)

"THE ANGEL OF THE LORD CAME DOWN AND GLORY SH... Angel," the brilliant modernist and realist version of the A... reveals himself to the family of Tobit as the Archangel Ra... structed with an immaculate plaster surface, no less than ... impressive climax to a play indefinab...

THE CAPRICIOUS FURY OF THE ORIENT: Sara (Miss Hermione Baddeley), after a dispute over a game, whips her slave Azorah (Miss Joan White) who, in her agony, taunts her mistress with her commerce with the demon who has strangled her seven husbands. Sara, infuriated, makes to strangle the girl. The entire incident is witnessed by Tobias, who is left perched on the garden wall by his porter Azarias, in reality the Archangel Raphael, in pursuance of the divine design for Tobias's future which involves his marriage to the daughter of Raguel, the curing of his father's cataract, and the rehabilitation of the finances of his family

MR. JAMES BRIDIE, whose treatment of a Biblical story is both dramatic and light in touch

ROUND": The remarkable effect at the end of "Tobias and the nal Book, at the Westminster Theatre, when Azarias, the porter, he effect of the archangelic wings, projected on to a *cyclorama* con-chieved by Mr. Henry Ainley's golden voice, renders this scene a most elonging to any type in its versatile appeal

—PLAYS

A Sunday Play for Every Day: Ballet from the Musical Point of View: "Cavalcade" Revisited: A Trio of Excellent Films

By PHILIP PAGE

If there were not many things in the world of the theatre infinitely more unaccountable, some time might be spent in marvelling that so great a number of bad plays are produced on weekdays with every preparation for a long run (if without much hope of one), while many an excellent piece of work is given a tentative sort of performance on a Sunday.

It is true, of course, that some of the latter plays enjoy a second, and regular launching, and, having broken the Sabbath, proceed to break records too. But the timidity engendered by good plays is, on the whole, equalled only by the rash courage evoked by bad ones.

Such a lot of trouble might be saved putting as excellent a comedy as, for instance, Mr. Noel Scott's *Playground* into the normal round of theatrical productions right away. Its virtues are manifest in the first ten minutes, and it keeps up the pace. The performance at the Garrick Theatre must, therefore, be regarded as a shorter and more accessible form of such preliminaries as are usually associated with Manchester, Glasgow, or Brighton.

Playground is, briefly, love in a girls' school—in such a girls' school, it has since been proclaimed, as has never existed anywhere, and could not exist. Knowing nothing of girls' schools, I am unable to endorse this or to deny it. Nor does it really matter, I do not know on what boys' school Mr. Van Druten based his *Young Woodley*—if, indeed, he based it on a real one at all. I have never come across a boys' school like it; but it provided an effective play, and that is the all-important point.

Moreover, Dr. Scott's play is "good theatre," with stock theatrical figures given a new and a lighter touch. A handsome young clergyman, ready with his fists in resenting insults and inspiring love in the heart of (i) a schoolgirl and (ii) a barmaid, would be intolerable if taken too seriously. He would either be "the fighting parson" of the music-hall, or John Storm of *The Christian*. The author here has got over with great skill what I imagine to be the preposterous situation of a girls' school possessing a chaplain, or what might have been the unpleasant situation of the chaplain philandering with his pupils.

Just as readily would I accept, from the point of view of vanity, a plot involving the presence of a pretty governess permanently on board *H.M.S. Repulse*. But if someone can make as good a comedy as *Playground* out of it, so much the better. This, by the way, is not a farce. To introduce the "air of verisimilitude," a comedy demands when the material is either melodramatic or farcical (and the two are more closely allied than is generally realized) needs a more skilled hand.

Miss Beatrix Thomson, as a rejected barmaid, talking real and not stage Cockney, gave a superb performance. The part was out of her usual line and she revealed unsuspected versatility in tackling it. Miss Thomson is so intelligent that I am not surprised that managerial intelligence has not as yet risen to keeping her regularly employed. That will probably come in time, though one should not be too sanguine.

Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, as a Bishop who gets the handsome young chaplain out of an awkward mess, managed to get away from episcopalian conventionality.

It is to be hoped that the not wholly successful attempt to make Sir Edward Elgar's *Nursery Suite* into a ballet will have the effect of inducing him to write a real ballet in order to show that "Todgers's can do it."

Our greatest composer is fond of the theatre and has been seen enjoying musical comedies and revues with enthusiastic appreciation. Yet he has written virtually nothing for the theatre and has left opera alone. That he will start in a new medium of the calibre of grand opera at the age of seventy-three we cannot expect. But a true Elgarian ballet—there are already plenty of chips from the master's workshop available—would be interesting, and great fun.

The *Nursery Suite* ballet at Sadler's Wells only emphasized the fact that Elgar's music here is not of the theatre nor even of the nursery. It is of the concert-room,

The choregraphy was interesting enough and technically very good indeed; they understand ballet at the Wells and the Old Vic. Besides, it was an important occasion, with the Duchess of York present (the music is dedicated to Her Royal Highness and to the two little Princesses), and Miss Lilian Baylis leading Sir Edward before the curtain. But the Queen's Hall was peeping through it all. Mr. Anton Dolin, Little Bo-Peep, Jack and Jill, Miss Alicia Markova, Georgie Porgie, and Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all would not keep away thoughts of the London Symphony Orchestra and Sir Henry Wood and learned analytical programme notes.

In short, not a bar of this "Suite," musically admirable, is really ballet music, and it has been an awkward wedding. The "nursery" element in "Aurora's Wedding" was less awkward; and that wonderful Russian affair, "Children's Tales," actually did live up to its title.

The 200th performance and the gift of a couple of stalls in celebration thereof induced me to revisit *Cavalcade*. This has become a sort of national institution. It is as essentially British as Mr. Cochran's forthcoming production of *The Miracle* at the Lyceum, Wellington Street, was the other afternoon treated to the spectacle of portions of a cathedral, and of an organ being carried, pipe by pipe, into the building in which, in pantomime time, the diapason tones of Mr. George Jackley are heard—is essentially and undilutedly German.

I found that those parts of *Cavalcade*, the material for which Mr. Noel Coward, with early brilliance, assimilated at the age of about eighteen months, which concern Mafeking night and the death of Queen Victoria, depressed me as much as ever they did. A pleasant depression, of course. They appeal to the love of having "a good cry," latent in even the most hardened playgoer.

The whole thing remains amazingly efficient—efficient in what it leaves out as much as in what it includes. On first seeing *Cavalcade* I thought the dodging of the actual sinking of the *Titanic* a weakness, and compared the old days of Druriodrama, when we would have seen the liner in her death-throes and not a bald "caption" thrown on a screen.

But suggestion can sometimes be more powerful still. Is not one of the secrets of the success of *Journey's End* the fact that war, as such, is not seen? One merely feels the awful nearness of it in that dug-out. The film version dotted the i's—and was a disappointment.

The first "reaction to"—it is an American film, hence the Americanese—*Hell Divers* is one of astonishment that our own Air Force is not allowed by the authorities similar publicity. Here is a film which will go from China to Peru. Almost the whole world will sit entranced by its thrills and by the daring and brilliance of the pilots of the American Air Department, in co-operation with which *Hell Divers* was produced.

I have rarely seen anything as astounding in its way as those aeroplanes swarming like bees, landing on the deck of an air-craft carrier, and performing all sorts of difficult and dangerous feats. There has been no greater air film than this, and it cannot fail to give millions the impression that America rules the air, and in the event of any scrapping would be invincible.

Into that delicate question it is not my province to enter. But there is another aspect of this business of using a Navy and an Air Force for propaganda purposes.

It has, of course, its uses, and they are obvious. Yet the British policy of non-advertisement has at least a case. After all, the main purpose of fighting forces is not that they should be able to film, but that they should be able to fight. Much can be said for the "dark-horse" business, for not putting all the cards on the table, but for keeping a few up one's sleeve.

The British Censor has, too, a strict rule that no member of the Services may be shown in undignified or unfavourable circumstances. In view of this, an English *Hell Divers* would be unthinkable, since Wallace Beery goes about giving all and sundry a sock on the jaw—a thing which, from Mr. Beery, seems, even on the films, to be more blessèd to give than to receive.

Mr. Beery is in every respect a powerful actor. But I fancy Clark Gable, who is his rival in this picture, will cause more feminine hearts to flutter.

A cheery, well-directed British film is *A Night Like This*, which I saw at the New Gallery. With joyous memories of Mr. Robertson Hare being detrousered in the Aldwych farce, I was delighted to find that that process loses nothing in new surroundings. Mr. Hare is as good a film comedian as he is a stage comedian, and that says much.

The comedy scenes of Mr. Ben Travers have—some of them—been spun out to such a length that the fun wears a trifle thin; the butter on the bread becomes at times the merest scrape. However, Mr. Tom Walls and Mr. Ralph Lynn—the sanest of modern combinations—work away merrily, and Mr. Claude Hulbert contrives to be just as vacant of facial expression as was Mr. Kenneth Kove, and with results almost equally amusing.

As one of the despised minority who consider that Miss Greta Garbo has not one-twentieth part of either the charm or ability of Miss Marlene Dietrich, I welcomed *Shanghai Express* in that it gives Miss Dietrich splendid opportunities. She has, of course, been more langourous, more redolent of the mysterious "it." But never has she acted better than in this film (directed by Josef von Sternberg) in which Mr. Clive Brook plays an English officer and Miss Anna May Wong plays Miss Anna May Wong.

MISS MOLLY McARTHUR, who has designed the effective *décor* and costumes of the production at Westminster

TOBIAS, AND THE BELOVED OF A DEMON: Mr. Frederick Piper in the title rôle and Miss Hermione Baddeley as Sara, in the love scene when, with the aid of the liver of the Tigris mud-fish and the cunning of Raphael, the demon Asmoday (who, for love of Sara, has strangled her seven previous husbands on their several wedding nights) is prevented from following his usual custom. Sara, after being strongly attracted by Raphael and strongly reproved for her presumption in "falling in love with an archangel 6,000 years her senior," returns to her love of Tobias, who has, after all, saved her from her tragic fate and its reproach

SOCIAL EVENTS

In and Around London

Sasha

MUSICAL STARS AT HOME: Mr. and Mrs. Derek Oldham (the latter is better known as Miss Winnie Melville) entertained during the pre-Easter week-end at their charming country house, Thatch Cottage, Sunningdale. The fine weather brought everyone into the garden

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG GIRL'S FANCY!" Two tweedy Spring fashions seen in Mayfair a few days ago

MR. AND MRS. DEREK OLDHAM ENTERTAIN: A group of the guests, including the Hon. William Brownlow, Mr. and Mrs. Streeten, Dr. and Mrs. Aymer, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Besley, Mr. William Morris, Lady Milne, Miss Joan Milne, Colonel Hamilton, Dr. Flavel Cook, Mrs. Challis, Miss Joan and Miss Doris Challis, and Mr. Constance Jones

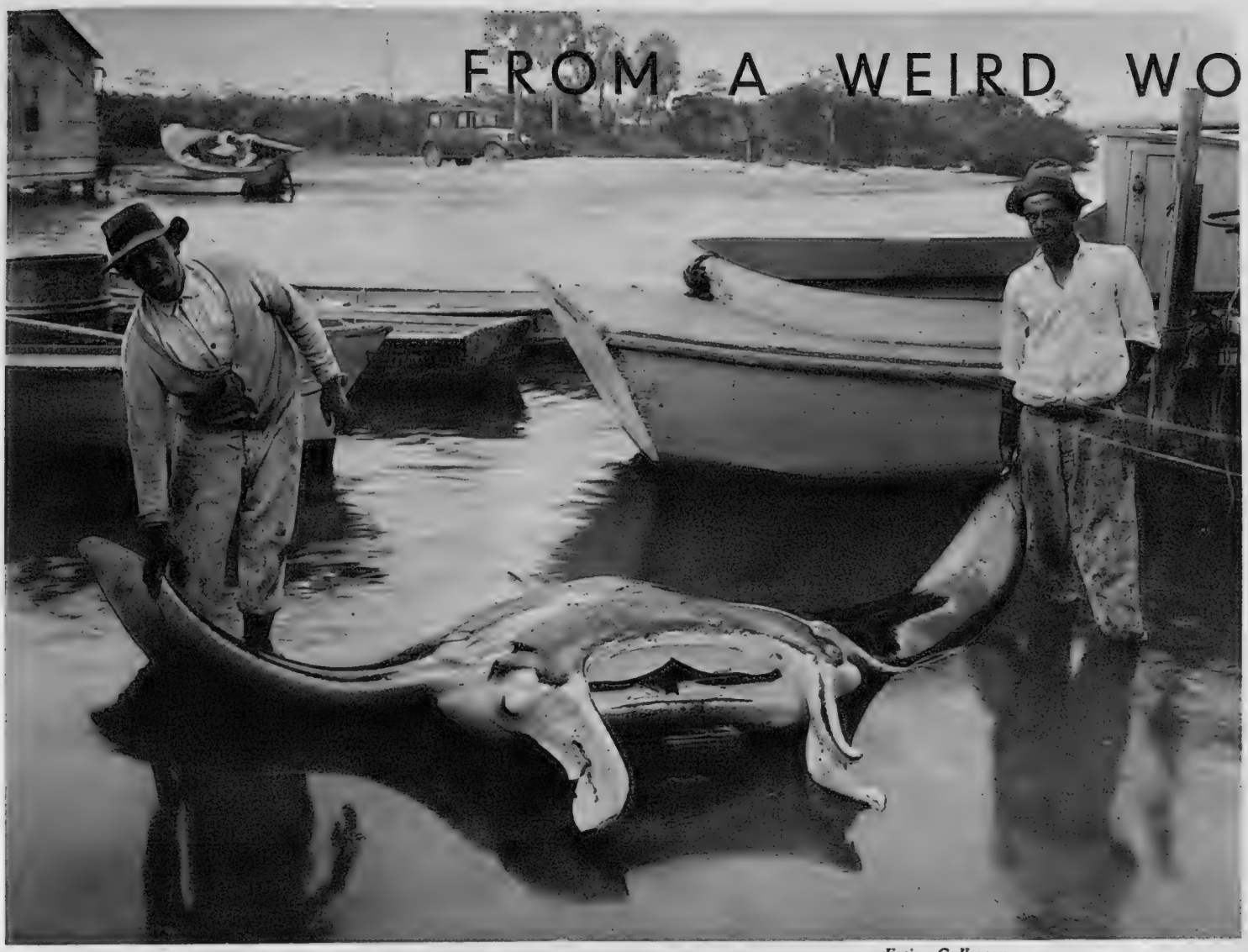
CURIOSITY: A delightful picture of Mary Anne, Lady Alington's little daughter, keenly interested in the camera

A DANCE BAND'S DEBUT: Mr. Jack Harris, the conductor of the well-known dance band of that name, seen while making his first appearance at the Café de Paris recently. This is a notable addition to one of London's largest pleasure resorts

A CITY WEDDING: Mr. Leslie Barr, solo tenor at St. Mary le Bow, Cheapside, and his bride, Miss Campbell, walking up Bow Lane to the reception after the ceremony at St. Mary Aldermary

FROM A WEIRD WORLD

New Pictures from Land and Sea

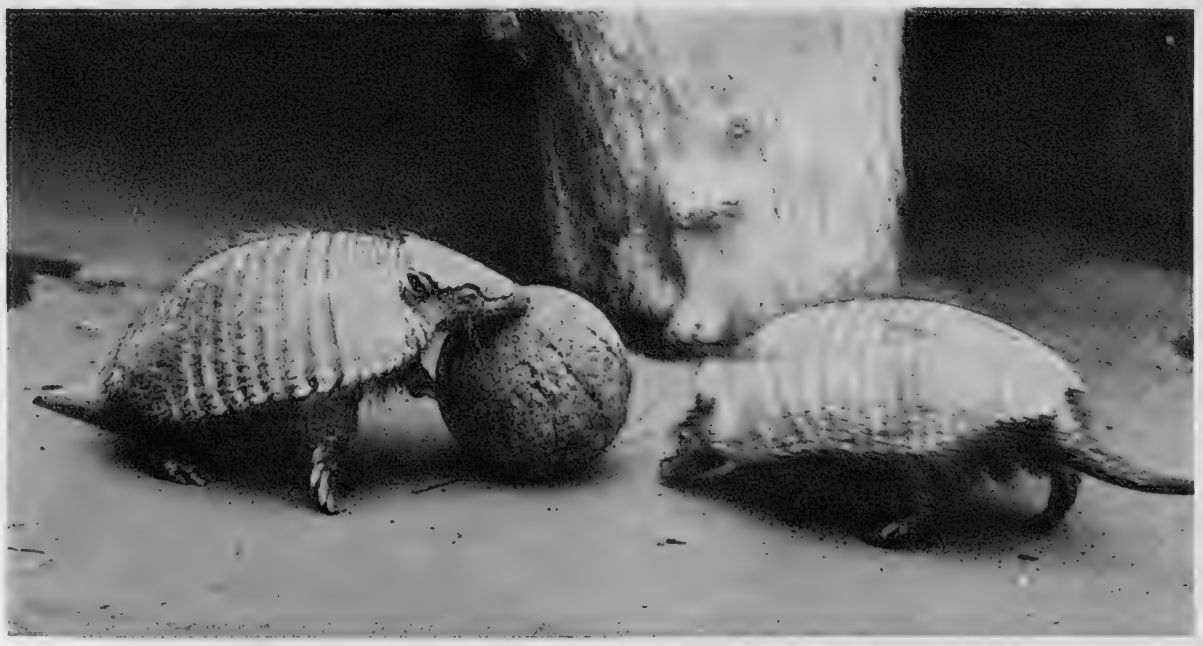


Ewing Galloway

THE DEVIL OF THE DEEP: The gigantic ray *(Cephalopterus Vampyrus)* of the American coast. The term "devil fish" is used for the octopus and for the angler on this side of the Atlantic, but in America is applied to this species of ray with its huge pectorals. One record specimen was caught in Delaware Bay, 17¼ ft. by 18 ft., weighing 5 tons

ELASTICITY OF JAW: A cobra in Snake Park, Cape Town, consumes a hen's egg without difficulty, despite the fact that it is greater in diameter than the snake itself. Larger serpents, of course, have a fantastic capacity—the great constrictors being able to cope with an entire deer!

A QUESTION OF EGGS: An ordinary hen's egg between two Cape cobra's eggs. The latter have soft skins



ZOOLOGICAL PUSHBALL: The armadilloes at the London Zoo, which are so heavily armoured that, one would think, they would be unable to move with any dexterity, yet are adept at playing pushball. They are encouraged in this sport, for the wooden ball performs the same function for their teeth that a piece of cuttle-fish does for a pet bird

ELEPHANTINE CURIOSITY: A sea-elephant rises to put a question at Hagenbeck's Zoo at Hamburg

RED SHIRTS ROUNDED UP: A scene at Charsudda, showing captives undergoing questioning at the hands of the authorities. The "ragtime" uniforms worn by this nationalistic organization (which has nothing to do with Moscow) are clearly visible. The discipline of the force is non-existent, but the fighting qualities are typical of the Hillmen

A VARIED TRIO: Three Red Shirts seated on a Persian wheel (the primitive water-wheel) of a frontier village. The appeal of war draws age, middle-age, and youth as may be seen from this picture. A few of them were ex-troopers of the Indian army

A SIGN-POST OF THE FRONTIER: The different types of road—one for horse or camel, one for car—are indicated by pictorial signs owing to the general illiteracy and the many dialects of the area

THE SEARCH: Tonga passengers must be "audited and found correct" by the Khussidars (North West Frontier Police) before being allowed to go on their way

THE SPOILS OF WAR: Police officers returning to Charsudda Police Station with bales of Red Shirt material and weapons they have seized in a local raid

THE RED SHIRTS

The latest reports from India state that trouble with the Red Shirts, the lawless bands of revolutionaries on the North-West Frontier, is dying out after severe treatment from the military authorities. Peace, never a very constant companion of the British authorities near Peshawar, has come again for a spell, and though there are still sporadic outbreaks on the outskirts of the military station, the attitude of the great mass of the people is said to be better.

Peshawar deserves a little peace. With the menace of the frontier tribes ever present, and internal trouble from the Red Shirt "Army," it has not been a comfortable time for any concerned. Even within the last month, the Royal Air Force has been busy, and has made several expeditions over the country of hostile tribes, dropping bombs on villages known to be harbouring rebels, and punishing tribesmen for encouraging illegal gatherings of armed men.

But of most importance to the troops has been the menace of the Red Shirts, at one time 100,000 strong, who have been massing and parading in frontier villages under the command of their tall, stalwart leader, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, now in gaol for his misdeeds. The Red Shirt levies never made a concerted attack on any military post in the North West Frontier Province. Their tactics, however, were disconcerting enough, for while seldom giving cause for direct punishment, they harassed British and Indian troops while on the march, offered frequent insults to the British uniform, and on several occasions attacked solitary British soldiers who had ventured far from their comrades. A motor-cycle patrol was knocked off his machine and beaten by one posse. Two British civilians were dragged out of their motor car while passing up the Grand Trunk Road. And in their declarations and their attempts at mass resistance, the Red Shirts showed plainly enough that their politics were definitely anti-British.

Many were the precautions taken in Peshawar to prevent "incidents" between Red Shirts and Europeans. The English quarter, always an armed camp, encircled in barbed wire and watched night and day by sentries, was even more carefully guarded. Worshippers went to church on Sundays between armed cavalrymen, and during the prayers there could be heard the tramp of sentries outside the building.

The Peshawar Hunt, one of the most famous in India, had to add some strange rules to its etiquette. Women must keep in close touch with their escorts. Every male follower was obliged to be armed though the bulge of a Service revolver spoilt many a pink coat.

Yet another rule made hunting history. If the wily jackal made in the direction of tribal territory, the hunt was called off. It was said that a particularly unscrupulous breed of jackal was beginning to appear, and that the small animals were instinctively making for the "taboo" country as soon as hounds were heard!

The Red Shirts, who collected the rascals, the ne'er-do-wells, and the *badmashes* of all the Frontier villages, had their headquarters some twenty miles from Peshawar, in the village of Utmanzai. A flag of gigantic proportions hung over the rough stone and mud building, and their parade ground was the trampled sand of the village. Every evening, small processions, sometimes marching behind the Congress flag, sometimes behind red flags, would march through the neighbouring hamlets, and the youths and even the smallest children took pleasure in joining in.

If in some ways the Red Shirt Army was a joke and a farce, there was a serious intent behind it. It is not true to suggest that the colour of their shirts betokened the colour of their politics, for the theory that Russia was behind the movement has been disproved to the author on many occasions by the highest authorities. Discipline, it is true, was almost non-existent, and the equipment of the soldiers varied to a point of ridicule. But the Red Shirts were instrumental in spreading the Congress policy of resistance to the tax-collector and stirred up the feelings of usually loyal villages to an amazing degree.

In some cases even ex-soldiers of the Indian Army were induced to appear in the Red Shirt ranks, though for the most part the pensioners formed a solid *bloc* against the revolutionary teaching in the countryside. Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the leader, has been called the "Frontier Gandhi" owing to his power over the people. If one were looking for the most cruel insult he could not have chosen a better nickname, for it is certain that the great, big-boned man of the Frontier would have been deeply hurt at being likened to a shrivelled and scheming Hindu. The two revolutionary leaders, however, made some kind of a contract to work together, and it was even suggested that Gandhi should visit the Frontier as a gesture of communal amiability.

Vernon Blair

AFRICAN WITCHCRAFT CHALLENGED

The Christian Council of the Gold Coast, of which the Anglican Bishop of Accra is chairman, publishes in an Accra paper of January 30 the following announcement :—

WITCHCRAFT : A CHALLENGE.

The Christian Council in the Gold Coast believes—

(1) That many innocent people are put in great terror of mind by their fear of witchcraft.

(2) That not by the power of witchcraft but by fear of witchcraft great harm is done to their minds and their bodies ; and

(3) That certain persons, taking advantage of this fear, claim to possess supernatural powers.

The Christian Council, therefore, issues the following challenge : The Christian Council hereby undertakes to pay the sum of £10 (ten pounds) to any person who shall perform within six months from this date any of the following feats at a convenient place and time chosen by and in the presence of the committee appointed by the Council for the purpose :—

(1) To "eat" a pawpaw or some other fruit selected by the committee at a distance of five yards, without any sort of physical contact with it. (By "eating" is to be understood the causing of the inside of the fruit to disappear as if it had been eaten.)

(2) To extract from a sealed box without breaking the seal an article deposited in it by the committee.

(3) To transform himself into any beast or bird or creeping thing.

On behalf of the Council chairman, J. C. de Graft Johnson, J. Bardsley, secretaries.

Any communication may be addressed to the secretary, Christian Council, P.O. Box 522, Accra.

This announcement has evidently been made on a recommendation contained in a report by a sub-committee of the council on "Common beliefs with regard to witchcraft." This, the Bishop of Accra explains in his introduction, is the result of "a full and careful inquiry."

Witchcraft is sometimes hereditary, being usually inherited by a man from a man or a woman from a woman ; sometimes acquired by purchase or initiation, "or unconsciously by what may be called infusion."

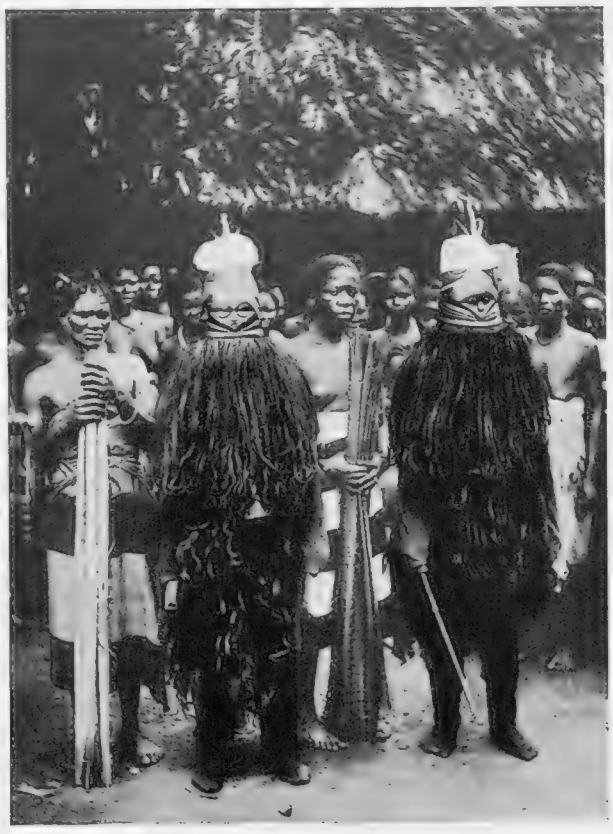
The committee's recommendations start by making the point that "the belief in witchcraft depends very little upon the personal experience of the believer." Very few base it on facts within their own knowledge. It is "far more often held by the believer because it is held by other believers. . . . The belief is in fact part of the common inherited tradition."

The committee goes on : We are not prepared, as a committee, to affirm that no witchcraft stories have any basis in fact. Some of us take that view, some of us do not. But we are unanimously of the opinion that many witchcraft stories have no basis in fact and we unanimously deplore the fact that large numbers of Christian people remain under the domination of the fear of witchcraft. It is our conviction that unscrupulous persons often take advantage of the prevailing belief to acquire notoriety and importance by pretending to possess powers which in fact they do not possess.

The report next deals with the witch doctor, who "in one sense . . . in the present state of public opinion . . . is more dangerous than the witch."

The *Vox Populi* of Accra, which publishes these documents, comments adversely on them. It asks why, seeing that the committee does not affirm or deny its belief in witchcraft, it throws out this challenge. Is not the challenge itself a contravention of the order against witch-finding? "Our sincere advice to the churches of the Gold Coast," says the paper, "is to leave the Devil alone."

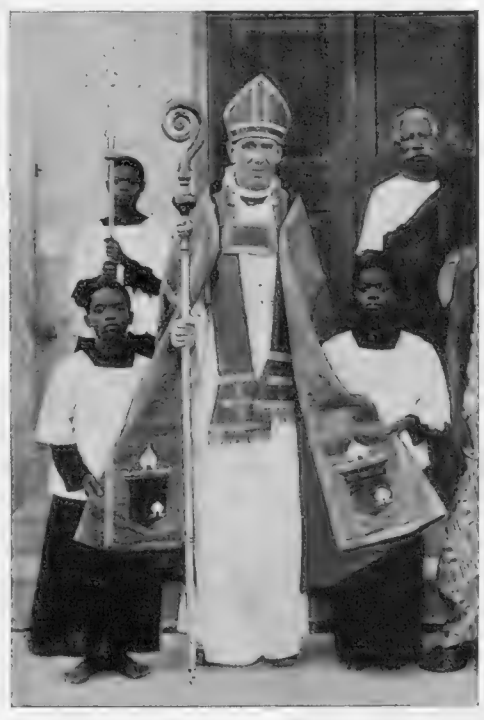
A WITCHCRAFT SEANCE : A scene among the Wagogo tribe of East Africa. The wizards thrive on the supposition that they can transform themselves into beasts and birds (zoanthropy); that they can, without a physical medium, inflict disease or death; that, from a distance, they can "eat" an object without touching it ; the power of flying through the air visibly as an *ignis fatuus*, or invisibly



WOMEN OF THE BUNDU SECRET SOCIETY : It is held that the power of such wizards can be broken only by their exposure as charlatans—on the same principle as the priests of Baal were shown up by Elijah

A KAVIRONDO WITCH DOCTOR : The danger of wizards lies not only in the dominion they exercise, but also in the fact that their existence lays others open to the temptation to become witch-finders—a penal offence

WITCH DOCTORS OF EAST AFRICA : The fantastic garments worn by these men vary with every tribe. The dress is adopted largely to inspire terror among the ignorant



THE BISHOP OF ACCRA, who is chairman of the Christian Council of the Gold Coast, which has issued the challenge

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

A FORTRESS OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN: A panorama of Lindo which no visitor to Rhodes should miss

A FORTRESS OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN

Lying in the sun on the terrace of the Grand Hotel, looking out on the blue Ægean Sea and the rocky outline of the Anatolian coast, I felt dreamy, inert, and as near Paradise as I ever hope to be, till someone said suddenly, "Have you ever been to Lindo?"

I had only spent a week on the island, and wandering round the streets of Rhodes still meant a daily voyage of discovery. The names of Lindo, Camiro, Jalisso, the far-famed Doric towns of antiquity only conjured up pictures of ruined acropolises, overgrown with thistle and wild thyme, and as yet the medieval palaces of Rhodes, her mosques and minarets held far more appeal for me than the broken columns of Fileremo.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE: The flight of steps running up to the old fortress of Lindo

But the insistent voice repeated "you must visit Lindo," and next morning we were on the road, passing by the old Turkish cemeteries where Solyman's soldiers lie buried, the hundred thousand soldiers which he lost when he captured the island from the Knights of St. John.

Still now the houses of Lindo are carved with the arms of the Grand Masters, the four crosses of D'Aubusson, the Doves of De Villaret. Since the days of the Knights the town has fallen into neglect and decay. Only at the end of last century foreign archæologists began to discover for themselves the hidden beauties of the town, and the greatest treasures of the Acropolis found their way to Denmark. When the Italians occupied Rhodes in 1912 Lindo was already deprived of many of her works of art. It was only left for Italy to restore what the others had taken away. The medieval walls guarding the fortress are still in perfect condition and there are some traces of the Doric walls which surrounded the temple or rather temples which succeeded one another through the different ages. At one time Heracles was worshipped with a sacrifice of oxen heads, and later Lindo became a sanctuary of the goddess Athene. Now flowering liquorice and thyme flourish alike over Medieval, Byzantine, and Grecian stones. One of the most interesting discoveries made by the Danish explorers was the Greek galleon carved into the rock, forming a semi-circular resting-place on the way up to the Acropolis.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN LINDO: The Saracenic influence is marked in most Rhodian architecture

We were once more in the Middle Ages, in the ruined chambers of the castle, in the crumbling chapel of St. John. Our guide, Mahomet, discoursed volubly on the Grand Masters and the holy Knights, and the glory they had brought to Lindo, but when we questioned him on the different epochs of the Acropolis, he just answered, "It was all built in pagan times." We were on the summit of the hill amidst the ruins of the propyleum, columns of marble and porphyry lay on the ground, the smooth worn floor of the temple was free of grass, there were even some of the walls with carved friezes still left intact, and the remains of a Greek well. I felt half inclined to agree with Mahomet. What did epochs matter?

Mycenean, Doric, Byzantine, Medieval stones, one passes one's hands lovingly over their surfaces, just as with all their knowledge the historians only touch the surface of a time. We climbed down the steps, at the side of which stood pedestals still bearing the imprints of the marble feet of some broken goddess. Where are the goddesses now? Do they lie at the bottom of the sea, like the lovely Venus who was only brought to light three years ago, and who now with her scarred but exquisite body stands in the museum at Rhodes?

We were back in the streets of Lindo with Mahomet rather incongruously ushering us into the little orthodox church. It is a charming, simple quatro-cento building originally erected by the Knights; the floor is paved with the local pebble mosaic, the walls are hung with rather rough wood paintings of the sixteenth century, and on the high altar are some beautiful silver ikons. A dirty, unkempt-looking priest with long tresses of hair escaping from under his high cap showed us round, and he and Mahomet seemed on the best of terms, but then Mahomet is not a religious fanatic. He confesses that he has no objection to a glass of wine now and then for the sake of his health, or a drop of cognac on a cold evening.

There are lovely houses in Lindo, carved sometimes with Greek and Turkish characters, sometimes with Medieval figures and the heraldry of the Knights; small, white houses where one enters through a courtyard, and where the Greek peasants receive one with charming courtesy offering one sprigs of basil to ward off the evil eye.

We waved good-bye to Mahomet and to Lindo, and then the day became a series of confused memories and scattered pictures. A delicious picnic in a shady, scented wood of Aleppo pines lying on a carpet of salvia and wild thyme

For particulars of The Sphere Travel Bureau see later page.

CLOUDS OVERHEAD: An exquisite study of Criccieth Bay set in the Cambrian Hills

AN ANCIENT CELTIC STRONGHOLD: Rhuddlan Castle (pronounced Reethlan) on the River Clwyd

A RELIC OF THE EARLY CHURCH: Tintern Abbey, one of the jewels set in the exquisite Wye Valley

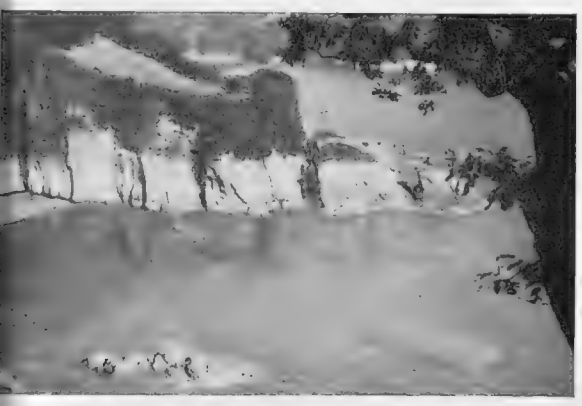
HAPPY VALLEY, beyond which looms Great Orme's Head, forming a part of Llandudno Bay

WELSH BEAUTY

Above are seen four of the famous beauty spots and points of historic interest in that Celtic land whose very "feel" is alien to sensitive Saxon invaders

ONE OF THE SMALLEST SUSPENSION BRIDGES in England is this at Newquay, North Cornwall

SUGAR COVE: One of the loveliest spots in the section of Devonshire through which runs the river Dart



THE EROSION OF THE SEA: The red cliffs of Devon suffer from this as the Sidmouth caves eloquently prove

A GLORY OF NORTH DEVON: Lynton and Lynmouth, two of Britain's most famous beauty spots

THE WEST COUNTRY

The West Country is ever a popular land at holiday time and never more so than when Spring gilds it with early sunshine and greens it with budding trees

THE HIDDEN VALLEY: A peep at Ferden nestling in the mountain slopes of the Lötschen Valley of Switzerland

THE HIDDEN VALLEY OF THE LÖTSCHEN

It is pleasant to contemplate nowadays that there are still a few localities where scenic beauty is unspoiled, where life is almost primitive, and ancient costume and legend still hold sway.

In the hidden valley of the Lötschen, tucked away in the Bernese Oberland of Switzerland, a people live to whom a Bank Holiday is not the signal for carefree spending, but a day for festival and simple feasting. On Easter Monday, for instance, in tiny Ferden, the day begins with religious service and is followed by a distribution of alms to the poorer peasants and a feast of bread, cheese and wine in which all partake. On Whit Monday, comes the day in which the accounts of the commune are rendered. The chief of each small hamlet invites every inhabitant to his house to a homely repast. Each provides his glass for the wine to be drunk. Some bring treasured goblets of silver, others roughly fashioned wooden mugs.

Châlets, precariously perched on the flanks of mountains or in the heart of the forest are much the same as three hundred years ago. Then they consisted of a single storey and two rooms with narrow doors and windows to keep out snow. Roughly formed of hewn logs they are as strong as the day they were built. Many of these are now used as barns, weaving rooms, or shelter for the flocks. Progress in the sixteenth century created larger houses, though externally their appearance is not much changed. Shingled roofs and overhanging eaves give shade to gay festoons of flowers hanging from window boxes secured to unwrought planks seasoned by charring and blackened by time.

The painted text adds a human touch—"Listen to what I say; and remember if you love God above everything, you will be wanting in nothing." Methodical neatness and spotless cleanliness is the house-wife's pride to-day. Space is too valuable for the double storied bed with carved posts, enormous tables and furniture of yore. Room must be made for work of cheese-making, whilst her daughter weaves the wool sheared by the shepherds. Working on wooden looms, her skilful fingers skein the wool, and if she has a male admirer present, it is considered a mighty favour if she lets him hold it. His reward is generally a special tastily cooked pancake!

Ancient custom dictates definite dishes for certain days. On Ash Wednesday, every household eats dried meat since it is forbidden during Lent. Feast days call for piles of fritters heaped on pewter plates to be washed down by copious draughts of milk. The hardy drovers rely on rye bread and cheese for breakfast and perhaps barley meal bread and cake at noon, to be followed in the evening with barley soup, fried corn and hot milk.

THE MAIN VILLAGE: Kippel, whose church rises up from a quaint huddle of charred walls

Lacking amusement from the world outside, much excitement and interest is evoked by a wedding or christening. A bride is serenaded on the eve of her marriage by the village musicians. She is led to the altar by a bachelor relative and escorted to the wedding breakfast which follows by a friend of her husband. All the most remotely connected relatives and friends are invited, and each bring some delicacy towards the feast. To be a godfather is a great honour and he is a very proud man, for on the day of the christening he wears a special uniform and carries a large bouquet to the church, where a service of honour to the newly baptized infant takes place. He is also expected to provide a special kind of bread to be eaten at the meal of rejoicing, which is made an opportunity for the exchange of gifts beween the families concerned.

ANTI-RAT: The barns in the Lötschen Valley are set on legs surmounted by flat stones to keep rats away

Picturesque processions frequently gather round the standard of the Valley, an old 17th century flag with Latin inscription—"Four stars in order shine. Kippel, Wiler, Blatten, Ferden. Christ's banner is their star." The military bands wear uniforms similar to those of the ancient States of Naples. Scarlet tunics with epaulettes of gold and silver, broad white belts for swords and cartridge cases, snowy white trousers and helmets with waving plumes.

The very names of these charming hamlets spell romance. Kippel, the chief village of importance, lies peacefully ensconced by the rippling waters of the Lötschen, which flows from the feet of the mighty Grosshorn and on past Ferden where rows of milk pails or lines of skis often ring the entrance to the little church, whilst their owners pass a few moments in prayer. Small wonder therefore that the imagination of the mountaineers creates a cycle of mythology, peopled with fantastic beings. On the mountain tops live spirits. Winter is a virgin in white, streams and avalanches they liken to white ladies or slugs. Heavenly lights are fiery dragons and in the cavernous depths of glacier and crevasse lurk the souls of the departed in their shrouds.

H. A. J. Lamb

WOMEN IN SPORT

Ewing Galloway

THE OVERHEAD SHOT: Students at the Virginia State College, Harrisonburg, learn archery to teach it. There has been a great recrudescence in this sport in the last few years

THROWING THE JAVELIN: Some of the finest women athletes in the country are to be seen in Battersea Park during the week-ends preparing for the coming season

THE ONLY WOMAN WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: Miss Marjorie Foster shooting the first card at the newly formed West of Scotland Ladies Rifle Club at Glasgow

HARDY SWIMMERS ON THE EAST COAST: Three hardy girl swimmers who are deterred by no weather at all from their daily swim, pay a visit to King Neptune at Whitley Bay, Northumberland

FOLLOWING IN GRANDFATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: Fräulein Milino von Kluck, a noted film star, grandchild of the hero of the German dash to Paris, is learning to fence—an unconscious tribute to her military parentage

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

WOMAN IN THE HOME

KITCHEN AND BATHROOM IN THE SMALL FLAT

In a small flat, whether newly built or converted from an older house, one of the most important matters from a practical point of view is always the position of the kitchen and bathroom. In many districts installation of these offices at the *back* of the flat is an essential stipulation, because the by-laws will not allow their being situated on the road frontage in an important thoroughfare.

In any event, very little space is generally available.

One suggestion which is not so impracticable as it may at first sound is to eliminate the kitchen entirely and have a fitted cupboard instead. If the cupboard is a wide one, a sink and water taps can occupy one corner, with a plate rack above. The other half of the cupboard could be fitted with an ironing board which folds flat against the wall when the cupboard is closed. There may also be a shelf for the electric iron, pegs on which to hang the clothes-horse, and towel rails on the inner sides of the doors. With a "kitchen" such as this, it is assumed, of course, that one would make a practice of going out for luncheon and dinner.

In another recently converted flat which is situated above Piccadilly Circus the kitchen and bathroom together occupy a floor space of only ten feet square, yet there is a full-size bath and a lavatory basin, and the lobby between the bathroom and the living rooms required by the L.C.C. regulations is occupied by a refrigerator. The kitchen includes a sink and draining boards, a gas cooker, an Ascot geyser, and a fitted kitchen cabinet.

If a small kitchen of this kind is well equipped it is surprisingly easy to keep in order; and if you have round the corner a fitment such as that seen in another of our pictures, which includes a divan-bed, a wardrobe cupboard and shoe cupboard, bookshelves, cocktail and tea cupboards, and a chest of drawers—you possess, in effect, a complete home in a nutshell.

B. B.

For the very small flat where only the minimum of meals are taken at home, a cupboard like this substitutes for a kitchen

Although small, this kitchen, in a modern economy flat, designed by Mr. T. Moore Bowman, is up-to-date and comprehensive in its equipment

NEW VIEWS FOR OLD

The modern artist has revealed himself as a practical ally of the decorator when the initiative and good taste of the owner of the house permits him to use his art—and imagination! At the same time the practitioner of "Art" with a capital "A") is no longer considered as the expert *who supplies extras* to the main and more practical scheme, but whose work is part of the whole—a reversion to the old argument as to whether a good picture is part of the wall and the room or a hole in, and an escape from that room.

Happily for artists, there are still, even in this utilitarian age, patrons in whom artistic imagination is strong; and decorators with thoughts beyond the bare bones of glass and tubular chromium! It is interesting, therefore, to the lovers of the modern English interior to hear of two new adventures in modern painting, used decoratively, and with very great effect.

The first led the writer to the exploration of one of the most delightful rooms of its kind—the large Lutyens-designed room in the home of Sir Roderick and Lady Jones in Hyde Park Gate. The large drawing-room is actually approached down a few steps of a wide interior staircase; on one side are the tall windows looking out on to a garden and the room itself has been very cunningly contrived from several others, amalgamated into an irregular and therefore much more interesting whole.

One of the recesses, pillared on one side, presented a difficulty, and to the solution of this, Lady Jones brought the artist, Allan Walton; the result is an unusually large and very accomplished glass painting in a setting that admirably suits it; the alcove leading now—instead of just nowhere!—to a Regency Brighton, with the Pavilion as the key-note. The settees, shown either side and actually furnishing the recess, are themselves from the Brighton Pavilion of the Regency period!

The painting, done directly on the glass itself, is a technical triumph; it is pleasing, delightfully mannered, and gives a life to the alcove that otherwise it would have lacked, and not only life, but "period."

The other idea is, perhaps, more "domesticated," and certainly more accessible and easy of adoption. The painter, Edward Halliday, has presented a solution of the decorative dinner-table problem in an efficient way. The artist has evolved designs actually in the style and manner of the china; these, formalised, are carried out on a sheet exactly the same size as the table itself and put under plate-glass (with bevelled edges), that itself fits exactly to the area and shape of the once ordinary table top. The possibilities of the co-operation of the artist in this manner are enormous.

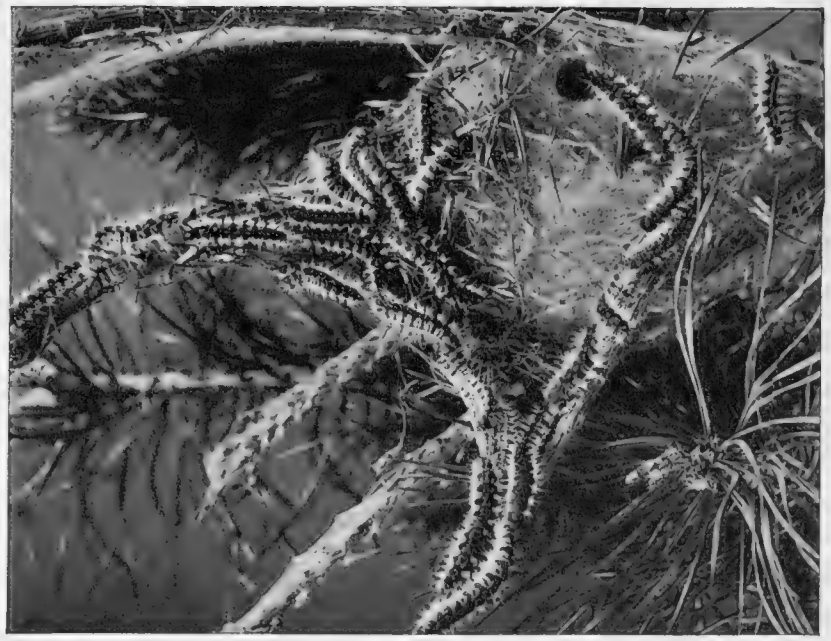
J. W.

By Courtesy of Edward Halliday

Here we have a rather dull table top in marble graining which Edward Halliday has transformed to a fit setting for the dinner service by the use of a formal decoration under a sheet of plate glass — a decoration that can be changed easily to suit whatever service and style may be used

The delightful glass painting by Allan Walton, done for Sir Roderick and Lady Jones's large downstairs drawing-room in their Hyde Park Gate house; this painting, in "perspective" of Brighton, lights the whole alcove and gives the atmosphere of the period to the room

THE LARVAE OF THE CIMBEX are deposited, as eggs, on the soft tissue of osier leaves by the twin saw-like blades of the females ovipositor. The ensuing caterpillars roll themselves up into tight knobs. Thereafter, comes the cocoon stage in which the pupa is formed



COMMUNAL CATERPILLARITY: When the embryos of Thaumetopæa Fityocampa (the "processionary caterpillar") leave their home in the common web, they march forth in closely pressed columns and maintain their communal life

THE TIGHTLY ROLLED FLESHY KNOB into which the larvae of the Cimbex characteristically form themselves

THE SAWFLY which ultimately emerges from the caterpillar seen on the left after undergoing the transitional pupa stage

TRANSITION: In March the mummy-like larva of Cimbex femorata sleeps in its cocoon; then suddenly it bursts its skin (seen on right cast off) and appears as a pupa. Thereafter the embryo becomes a sawfly which, it is held by some, preys on smaller insects

HARBINGERS of the SPRING

IV—Caterpillars and their Consequences

The amateur gardener, now becoming active with fork and rake, discovers some queer specimens which arouse his curiosity. He guesses; the entomologist knows and is professionally interested; but the working gardener sees what to him is merely the promise of future Hunnish lawlessness among his flowers and fruit. The garden harbours lots of strange secrets other than worms and seeds.

When the schoolboy baffled the traditional bishop by asking, "How many legs has a caterpillar got?" his lordship might easily have escaped embarrassment — and incidentally have prompted the lad to transfer his laudable curiosity into the field of practical research—by retorting, "That depends upon the caterpillar." For there are caterpillars and caterpillars; and while they exhibit a strange disparity in the matter of legs, this by no means exhausts their attractiveness—to any one gifted with a penchant for prying into Nature's secrets. Indeed, from the standpoint of the tyro, an outstanding allurement of entomology, i.e. the science which treats of insects, consists in the opportunity which it offers for the sedulous rearing of caterpillars, in order to discover their "consequences," a caterpillar being, as everyone knows, a portent of something yet to be, and in no wise an ultimate in its own right. It follows that a casually collected "specimen" immediately suggests the question, "What will it change into?" In the absence of exact knowledge, no bounds can be set to possibility. Your captive may prove to be a prize—or a dud.

Take a case or two in point. An insect known to science as cimbex femorata inserts her eggs, by means of the twin, saw-like blades of her ovipositor, into the soft tissues of willow leaves. These eggs give rise on hatching to glaucous green caterpillars which feed ravenously on the foliage, and evince a quaint habit of rolling themselves up tightly into fleshy knobs. Eventually, when fully nourished, each caterpillar constructs for itself a dark-coloured cocoon, attached to a twig, and consisting of a material which may be described as "congealed silk." In this cocoon the pupa is formed, and lies *perdu* during the winter. But with the return of Spring, the final transformation from pupa to imago is effected, and the now mature cimbex cuts a circular lid off its cocoon, and emerges to the world as a somewhat bee-like insect of dowdy mien, whose jaws are formed for biting. It is, in fact, a sawfly! A disappointment, this, for the collector who hoped to rear a handsome moth or butterfly for his collection.

Compare, now, the foregoing life-history with that of dicranura vinula, whose large, grotesquely shaped caterpillars may also be found feeding on willow leaves. Once again, a hard cocoon is constructed as a winter sleeping-place. But the imago which eventually emerges is the puss moth whose wings are clothed with a bloom of minute "scales" and whose mouth-parts are haustellate, i.e. formed for suction. The life-story of the buff-tip moth (phalera bucephala) provides a similar contrast although, in this instance, the caterpillar spins no hard cocoon but simply buries in the soil before pupating. The point to notice is that neither in its appearance nor in its habits does a caterpillar clearly foreshadow its "consequence." Prior to the final ecdysis, or moult, an abrupt change is effected — fundamental and far-reaching—so that the perfect insect seems to be cut off from its former self as by an impassable gulf. Thus all the capacity for marching and countermarching which characterises the "processionary caterpillar," such as the Southern European species—thaumetopæa pityocampa—which is said to move always in single file, is obliterated from the instinctive make-up of the prosaic moth by which it is succeeded.

Not less surprising is the transformation of apparently identical caterpillars into perfect insects which seem to be distinct as kinds or "species." Something of the sort occurs in the case of our own large cabbage butterfly (pieris brassicæ), whose spring and summer broods differ so much in the intensity of their colour and markings that an expert can tell at a glance to which brood a given specimen belongs. Among certain extra-British butterflies, this "seasonal dimorphism"—to use the technical term — is carried to amazing lengths. Two little tortoiseshells, called by Linnæus araschnia levana and araschnia prorsa, and pardonably believed by him to be perfectly distinct, have proved—as the result of experimental breeding—to be constant seasonal forms of one and the same species! Yet the wings of the former (the spring brood) are reddish or fulvous with scattered dark spots, while those of the latter (the summer brood) are black with a red marginal line and a broad transverse white band. The spiny, dark-coloured caterpillar, feeding on stinging-nettle, gives no indication as to which of the two types of colouring it is destined to perpetuate.

These are but a few strange things found in garden and field; there are battalions and grand armies of others, who would soon oust us from house and home, but for the birds and other insect feeders and destroyers.

H. B.

AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'** — *"why be vague?"*

THE NICE-PARIS RALLY: Of the fifty-nine entrants in the car rally from Paris to Nice, fifty-six managed to finish the course. They are seen outside the Palais de la Méditerranée on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice

THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES: The first motor-car produced in Italy, a three-wheeler designed and constructed by Enrico Bernardi of Padua in 1893. It is difficult to imagine that the present-day motor-car is derived from one of these

A CAUSE FOR REFLECTION: Mirrors have been erected near a busy fork-road at Ashford, Kent. They enable motorists to see what is happening "round the corner," and many accidents have been averted by its use

A VERITABLE HIGHWAY: The overhead motor road now under construction in Up-town, New York, to relieve the congestion of that city which makes, say, Piccadilly Circus look empty

* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

TROUBLESOME GADGETS.—Every now and again we fondly imagine, those of us who think seriously about motoring matters, that the perfect car is not a vehicle of the future but is sold everyday to the masses. What is more, we are inclined to believe that every accessory on that car works well and will give no trouble for quite a long time. It comes, therefore, as a shock to learn that on occasions everything in the garden is not so lovely as we fondly imagine, and that when things do go wrong the most up-to-date service stations cannot always put matters right, at least on the first occasion. These musings of mine are the result of the recent experience of someone I know very well who bought a very nice car, but it was not perfect. True there was nothing wrong regarding its essentials, but certain small matters were definitely faulty, and as they must have been obvious almost from the start the troubles were all the more annoying.

The car and the service station will be nameless, and I adopt this course not only for the obvious reason but because I feel that the experience of this car owner may be typical of many cases. The particular car in question was duly driven during the running-in period at the specified speed and for the mileage laid down, but before the driver had covered 200 miles he discovered that the petrol gauge fitted on the dashboard was absolutely erratic. As no reserve tap was provided the petrol position at any moment was not apparent. In addition a quaint noise rather like a dry spigot bearing made itself manifest between certain speeds, and as the noise was very unpleasant, rather like that of scratching the back of a plate with a knife, serious notice was taken of it. In due course the car was taken to the service station and amongst other things these two faults were not only pointed out but written down. At the duly appointed time the owner took over his car, and after driving a few miles and having filled up with petrol he discovered to his amazement that both troubles were there just the same as ever. He was firmly convinced that the service department had done their best to eradicate the faults, though he was rather surprised when he was asked to take the car round to the coachbuilders because the service station was unable to tighten up some bolts which they had to loosen in order to take out the tank. It certainly seems to me that if a firm of coachbuilders can tighten up the bolts, and this they did, then the service station should be able to do likewise.

THAT HA'P'ORTH OF TAR.—The next day the owner returned, and he was told that the petrol gauge system was not particularly reliable, and he was not advised to have the tank taken out again as no guarantee could be given that the gauge would be any better as the result of further work. He was even recommended by the service station to have fitted an entirely different make of gauge, and was told not to worry about the noise, which until his second visit had obviously not been traced.

The car in question is by no means the cheapest on the market, and it does seem to me extraordinary and definitely very bad policy on the part of the manufacturer to keep on fitting a gauge, which one of his recognised service stations states is likely to be troublesome, and in the case in question it obviously was. The whole thing is so petty from the manufacturer's side, and could be remedied for perhaps another shilling per car, that I cannot imagine why the makers run the risk of annoying their customers, who would otherwise be delighted with the car. I have driven in this car and the peculiar noise, if it is common to all similar cars, would definitely prevent me from buying one, but the owner, about whom I am writing, is unable to tell me whether the noise will pass off in a hundred miles, or if it will always be there.

PROVING A GREAT SUCCESS: One of the new 15–18 h.p. Lanchesters fitted with the Daimler fluid flywheel and equipped with a Mulliner saloon body. So great is the demand for these cars that they are being produced at the average rate of fifty per week

A COME-BACK.—It is indeed pleasant to learn that the well-known firm of D. Napier and Sons, Ltd. are about to re-enter the motor-car industry. The new generation of motorists may not remember the fame of Napier cars in what I suppose I must refer to as the old days. Napier cars were renowned for their high performance and their up-to-date design as well as their fine workmanship. Such a statement is not just a mere opinion but is based on definite performance. Wherever reliability or high speed was demonstrated a Napier car was usually found high up in position. They won numerous races and they held more than their share of records. Whatever models they propose to produce and sell shortly to the public we can rest assured that they will not be experimental in any sense of the word. Whilst they have been in retirement from building cars they have been adding to their previous experience by making very efficient aero engines, and I shall be very surprised when the new Napiers appear if aero practice properly adapted to motor-car use is not a striking feature of the design.

RAIL v. ROAD.—At the present moment there is a battle royal being fought between the representatives of the railways and those interested in road transport. We all know that the former are most efficiently organized, and are, therefore, able to present their case in the most telling fashion. Those of us who travel by road are always frightened that transport by that medium is likely to suffer when attacks are made upon it from outside, simply because of poor organization. In the present controversy it is reassuring to note that the people of the road are putting up a good fighting case, and are not allowing the railways to have it all their own way. They have evidently impressed the Minister of Transport sufficiently to show him the wisdom of appointing a mixed committee representative of both parties to go into the whole trouble with a neutral chairman to preside over the proceedings. Any sane citizen can see that this rivalry if pursued too far must injure both sides. Surely the railway and the road have their own peculiar functions to perform, and if the opposing parties could get together, without the merging of both into one unwieldly corporation, and help each other, then they would both be better off and the public would be better served. I feel certain that if the rail and the road fulfil their proper functions without trying to damage each other, they would both make profits and everyone would be happier.

A RISE IN CAR SALES.—Admirable results have very quickly followed the Government's commercial policy, and there is not wanting ample proof that a new and valuable feeling of public confidence is rapidly displacing the former doubts and depression. It has long been recognized that motor-car sales are an accurate index of general industrial prosperity, for, though the modern car is far more a necessity than a luxury, the demand for new vehicles is readily influenced by circumstances not immediately connected with the cars themselves. They then constitute a very useful form of trade thermometer. Singer and Co., Ltd., of Coventry and Birmingham recently introduced a new "Nine" model. As one of the largest and oldest-established motor manufacturers in Great Britain they had naturally made plans for a big output, but the actual demand has so far exceeded their most sanguine expectations that the factory is consistently working overtime, and has been doing so for some weeks, and it will probably be some time before the requirements of purchasers can be satisfied. It is of singular interest that this intense activity is not by any means confined to the new model, for a rapidly increasing demand persists for the larger types, such as the 10 h.p. and the Eighteen-Six. It would be difficult to find more welcome and positive evidence of "better times coming," especially as the demand referred to emanates from all parts of the British Isles.

TWO STARS: Miss Dorothy Bourchier and the 12–60 h.p. Alvis 2-seater sports she is using in the new British and Dominion Film *The King's Cup*

AN INTERESTING POINT.—The directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., at their meeting recently decided to recommend at the annual meeting at Derby on April 6, 1932, that a dividend be paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum together with a bonus at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum for the twelve months ended December 31, to be due and payable on May 10, 1932. The profits for the twelve months ended December 31, 1931, were £144,197 6s. 5d.

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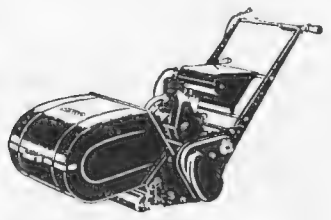

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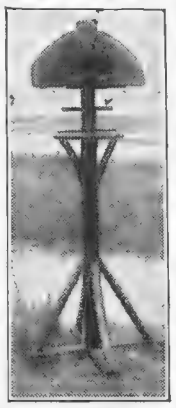

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GARDENING SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"

The GARDEN in APRIL

What to Do and How to Do it

By MARY HEADLAM

"And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows,
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come."
RUDYARD KIPLING.

The bitter winds and drought of the early half of March have been very trying to the patience of the gardener. But at last a burst of welcome rain helped plants and seeds and grass to make up for lost time. The days are too short for the work to be done. There is grass seed to be sown on the bare patches of lawn and alley. Sow thickly, roll in well and cover with fine sand or soil, and protect from birds with twigs and cotton or faggots laid over.

ANEMONE PULSATILLA: One of the loveliest of windflowers that add beauty to the garden in Spring

The spring flowers are holding high festival, the "lady April bringing the daffodils," grape hyacinths, Virginian cowslip (mertensia virginica, which likes moist peaty-sandy corners), windflowers just coming, and the whole primrose family all are at their best. Miss Jekyll, whose memory garden lovers revere, specialized in primroses of all sorts and colours, and her primrose garden in the half shade of a hazel copse was a sight at this time of the year never to be forgotten. Magnolia stellata will be in bloom very soon, with the flowering currant and some of the pyrus family. Every day in fact brings some new bloom to maturity in the good growing weather.

The rock garden demands attention at once; weeding the pockets and dressing with leaf mould or the food each plant likes best. There are many favourites in flowers. On the whole the rock garden has suffered less than usual this winter.

It is not too late to plant some of the rarer Japanese and Chinese lilies. Lilium Wilmottiae and lilium japonicum are very beautiful. Both flower in July to August, but they must not be placed near each other, for their colours clash. Drainage is most important for these lilies, which require to be planted eight or nine inches deep, in good light but moist soil, with their roots protected by some lower growing plants. Cordifolium is another lily well worth growing, but its bulbs must be planted only one inch in the ground. Tigridias should not be forgotten, nor the autumn gladiolus. Plant these last in good soil about four inches deep and stake as soon as they appear. The autumn show already needs consideration. For dahlias are sprouting and should be planted out; chrysanthemum plants are ready to be pulled to pieces and replanted in the reserve border. Violets, too, may be divided and the runners replanted in odd corners of the vegetable garden or under fruit trees, to ensure plenty of blooms next season.

Towards the end of the month half hardy annuals, such as salpiglossis, tobacco plant, and phlox Drummondii, can be sown in the open. Those coming up in frames should now be potted out in boxes in shelter, and at the end of the month, if the weather be favourable, they can be put out in the open, though they must be protected by matting against frost. Cobea scandens, an annual creeper very valuable for quickly covering an ugly corner, can be sown in heat and planted out in good rich soil.

Roses should now be pruned, the hybrid perpetuals first, and the more delicate tea roses later. Cut out all weak growth and dead wood, and clear out the growth towards the centre, to give light and air to the remainder. It is best to prune heavily on rich soil.

The fortunate folk who have ponds or moist patches at command, may find reward from planting out arum lilies. There are in Cornwall and Devon large lakes bordered with this flower, for cutting for market; but the plant can be cultivated quite easily in less kindly climes by dropping it with a good ball of the soil in which it was grown into 1 to 2 ft. of water, taking it up in the autumn for protection in the winter. The arum lily looks very handsome grown in conjunction with astilbe venus, rubra, and other meadow-sweets. Iris kaempferi, too, should have a place in full sun in any moist, peaty, or leaf-mouldy soil. This magnificent iris has an unkind way of refusing to flower in some spots a second time. Even "the Garden that I love" of Alfred Austin failed to stimulate it to a second effort. But its glorious blooms, sometimes 9 or 10 in. across, are so fine that it is worth trying, dividing it up each autumn after flowering and replanting, where it should bloom again in eighteen months' time. For like many irises it dislikes transplanting.

A stream garden is always most attractive. Very soon along its banks primula rosea, marsh marigolds, and forget-me-nots will be out. Much disappointment will be saved the beginner in making a bog or water garden, however small, if he remembers that both bottom and sides must be puddled with clay or concreted to keep the water in. If nothing larger can be done, one can have great fun with a large sunk tank two or three feet deep with a foot of rich clay soil at the bottom. Water-lilies can be sunk in wire baskets filled with good heavy loam, and many other aquatic plants may be grown in this way.

Sow herbs this month—summer savory, basil, borage, hyssop, fennel, chervil, purslane, parsley; and beg or steal some bits of sage, thyme, tarragon, marjoram, and mint. In the kitchen garden sow beetroot at the end of the month; the rather small round sort is preferred. Successions of lettuces may be sown fortnightly out of doors now. Paris white cos is a good quick-growing early kind. The young plants in frames may now be put out. Sow salsify and celery now, and continue successions of peas, turnips, and carrots, as well as onions, if the earlier crop has failed.

At the very end of the month a sowing of dwarf beans and kidney beans may be tried. The strawberry bed requires hoeing and weeding, and fresh stable manure should be applied. All fruit trees may be powdered with lime.

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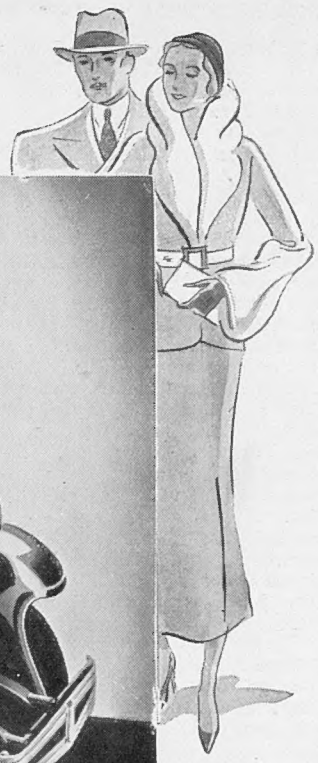

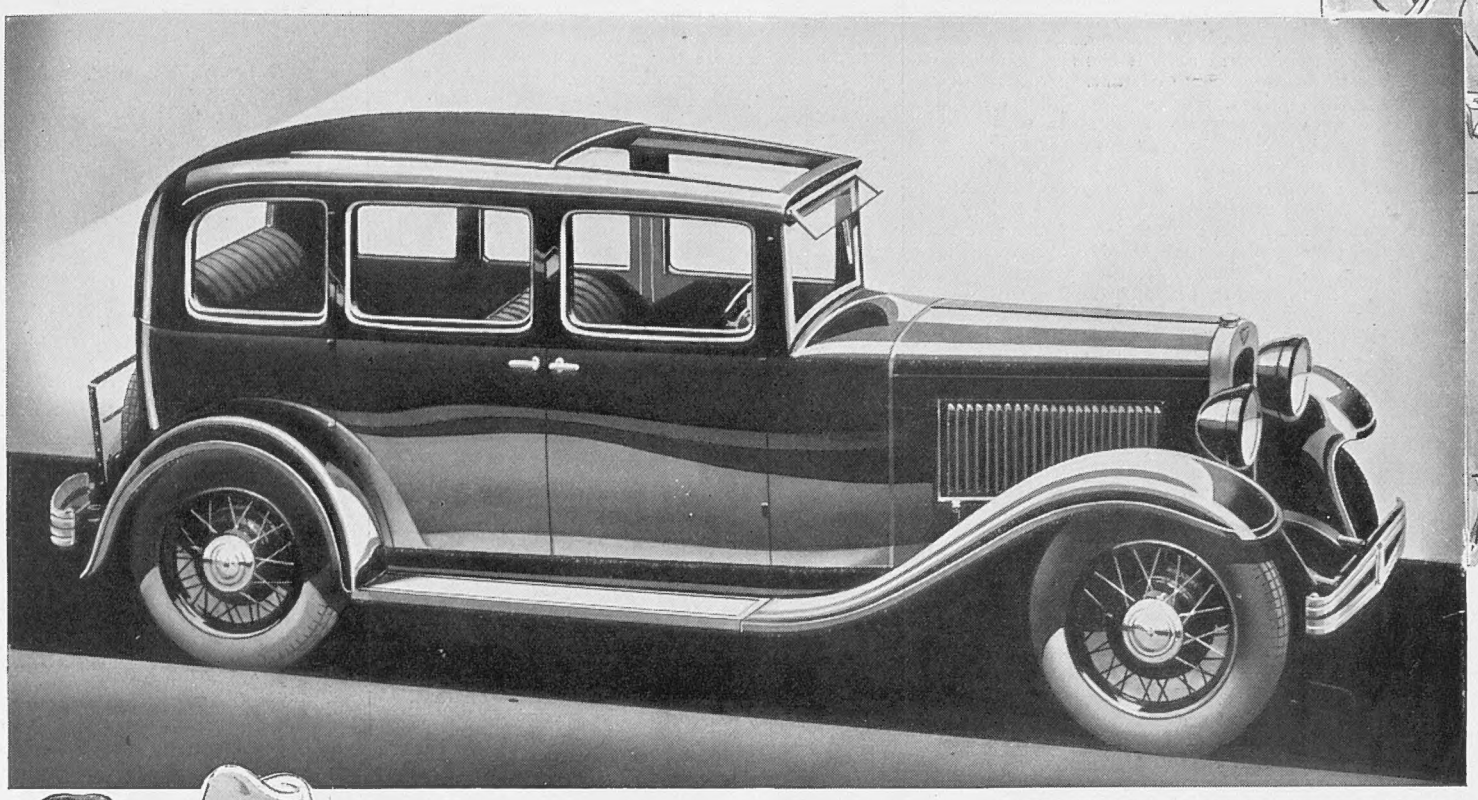

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HERALDRY—THE SHORTHAND OF HISTORY

(Continued from p. 17)

When Captain Tommy Graves, that genial member of the bookmaking firm of Ladbroke's, succeeds to the family title, he will have to prove his right. But it will not be so difficult for him as it was for the present Lord Graves, who found that none of his predecessors had ever bothered to prove their right, and so was compelled to prove it for them all the way back to the first Lord Graves who received his peerage for his gallantry and leadership at the battle of the Glorious First of June. It is on occasions like this that the College of Arms is indispensable. To it comes the presumptive peer with a request to have his pedigree traced in the proper way. The Herald or Pursuivant to whom he goes acts just like a solicitor for him. He employs a research clerk and then, armed with his investigations, makes an application to the House of Lords, where the case is duly judged and verdict passed thereon.

In England there is only the College of Arms. A Scotsman must go to His Majesty's Lyon Court at Edinburgh. An Irishman goes to Ulster's office in the Castle at Dublin. In America there are at least seven so-called Heraldry Colleges where pedigrees are peddled. There they retail noble lineages and coats of arms by post for anything from five dollars upwards. But, as I have said, the educated American is growing as cynical about this as we are. It is true that an American face-cream, sold by a Mr. Leigh of New York, bears the coat of arms of my wife's family, the Leighs of Stoneleigh. However, it is a very nice face-cream, and the use of the crest is causing no grief in England.

In conclusion, it has been well said that when the young Duke of Norfolk came of age, he, as the hereditary Head of English heraldry, might well have expected to find himself a lord of shadows and the ancient service an empty mock. What in fact he has found is that heraldry is more carefully consulted and guarded and discussed than it has been since the eighteenth century. Probably this is a re-action from the general democracy of the age. When Mr. Baldwin, on the eve of the recent General Election, wrote an unofficial letter on paper with the Royal Arms, he was handing a grand stick to his opponents with which to beat him, and they did so effectively. It was not so long ago that heraldry formed an acute issue in South Africa when the flag presented the problem of how racial feeling was to be expressed through its medium.

Yes, in these days when so many great estates are being killed by death duties, and when social levelling is proceeding at a pace that none of us is able to realize, people will cling with more and more determination to the old-established signs of their identity. In the dark ages the Heralds, second in office only to the great Church Dignitaries, fostered the spirit of chivalry, and, "as the emissaries of State, were the first to introduce a courteous and dignified procedure in the conduct of international affairs in those rude times." To-day Heraldry is not snobbery, it is merely a form of identification; it continues to be the shorthand of history, and it would be a sorry business for the kingdom if its inhabitants became so drably republican as to lose all interest in the glowing phrases—the tinctures, the furs, the fabulous animals that derive from its glorious past.

CHANGING ALBANIA—*(Cont. from p. 14)*

Money is the great problem. Development is financed by the loan from Italy, but a new State must find a means of livelihood. It seems clear that Albania's future lies in agriculture, and the gospel of scientific cultivation is being spread. The Albanian peasant is more shepherd than farmer; sheep's milk and cheese are among his chief foods, and skins are sold abroad. The authorities are improving breeds by imported stock and are coaxing the peasant from his customary little patch of maize and tobacco towards a sort of co-operation and a varied crop. The agrarian reforms must tend in the same direction as they change the feudal system of the Beys.

As the younger generation grows up the hopes for the country's future are brightening. Many boys are sent on scholarships to foreign schools, and young men who have studied at universities abroad are already making themselves felt, and helping to fill the gaps in technical training. A generation of men is needed who will take their coats off to a job of work, and the technical schools are providing them. Several good schools for girls are teaching the same lesson.

Sport—the adopted word—is claiming its place. National football and lawn tennis championships, athletics and cycling, are events of the past year or two. Physical training is also provided by the "Militia," a pre-military organization which is compulsory for older boys and under the control of the Army. Their increasing outdoor interests will keep them out of the cafés; the sun and rain of the Balkans are healthier.

No modern country may lack wireless equipment. The three-kilowatt station at Tirana is in regular communication with Brindisi, Vienna, and Zagreb. Though there is no broadcasting station as yet, many people have radio sets and pick up foreign stations.

These are all aspects of the same scene—the building of new Albania. She is passing from *à la Turca* to *à la Franca*, as the expression has it, with remarkable speed and fewer falls than might be expected. But in looking westwards she should take care to distinguish the glitter from the gold, and not forget that the sun rose in the east. We who watch may find fault with this detail or that, but we are bound to admire the courage of the builders and to marvel that the material which has lain idle for so long should prove so sound.

BOOKS—*(Continued from p. 20)*

like anecdotes of the theatre. The most interesting part concerns the exacting verbosity that G. B. Shaw pours upon actors. What amiable, charming, compliment-paying creatures actors become in their own books! My own long experience is that they are the worst-mannered and most superficial of all professions. But nothing of this ever gets into their bland books. Mr. Hardwicke is most urbane and modest. The secret of his success is hard work and a willingness to learn, allied to natural gift.

I have a suspicion that Mr. Maurice Baring writes a thousand words each day immediately after breakfast. His faultless loquacity never ceases. He has achieved a perfect style as the smooth vehicle of his smooth thought. He writes entirely without emotion, and yet stirs emotion. *Lost Lectures* (Davies. 10s. 6d.) deals delightfully with school, universities, diplomacy, the stage, highbrows, and modern poetry. There is not a tedious or perturbing page in these adventures of a cultured mind among the cultured.

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NOTABLE ABSENTEES

Several gossip writers discovered that Lord Marigold was nowhere to be seen at Ascot! Where was he?

As a matter of fact, on Gold Cup Day, when his horse lost by two lengths, he was beaten over four lengths of the Palace Swimming Pool. Mrs. de la Creme was also missing from the Royal Enclosure. It was she who beat him.

The London Season is too long, too stuffy, and—let's be frank—too expensive nowadays. We don't want to wreck it entirely, but if you must spend two months out of the regulation three in town, spend the other in Devonshire. We recommend May or June. The roses and things look rather nice just then.

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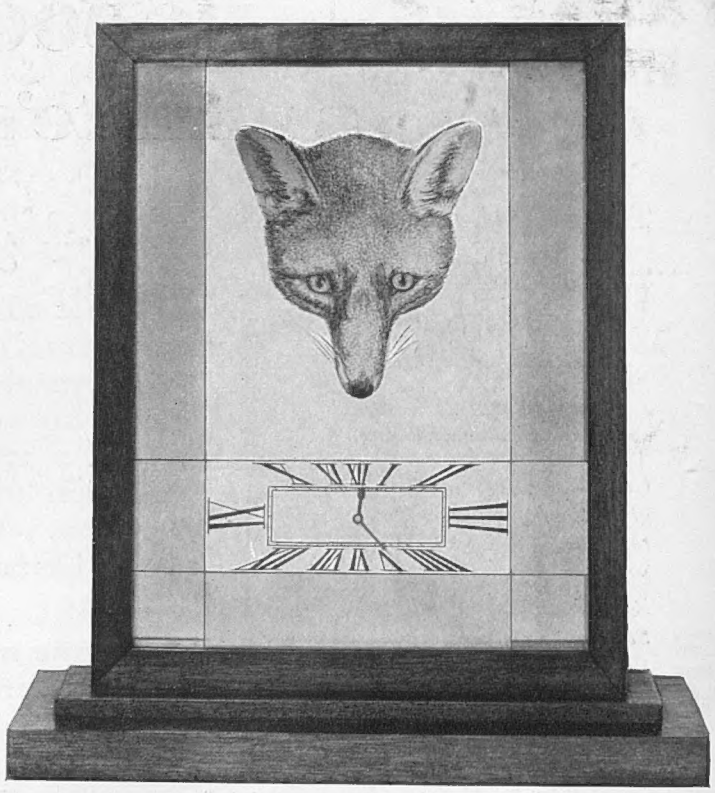

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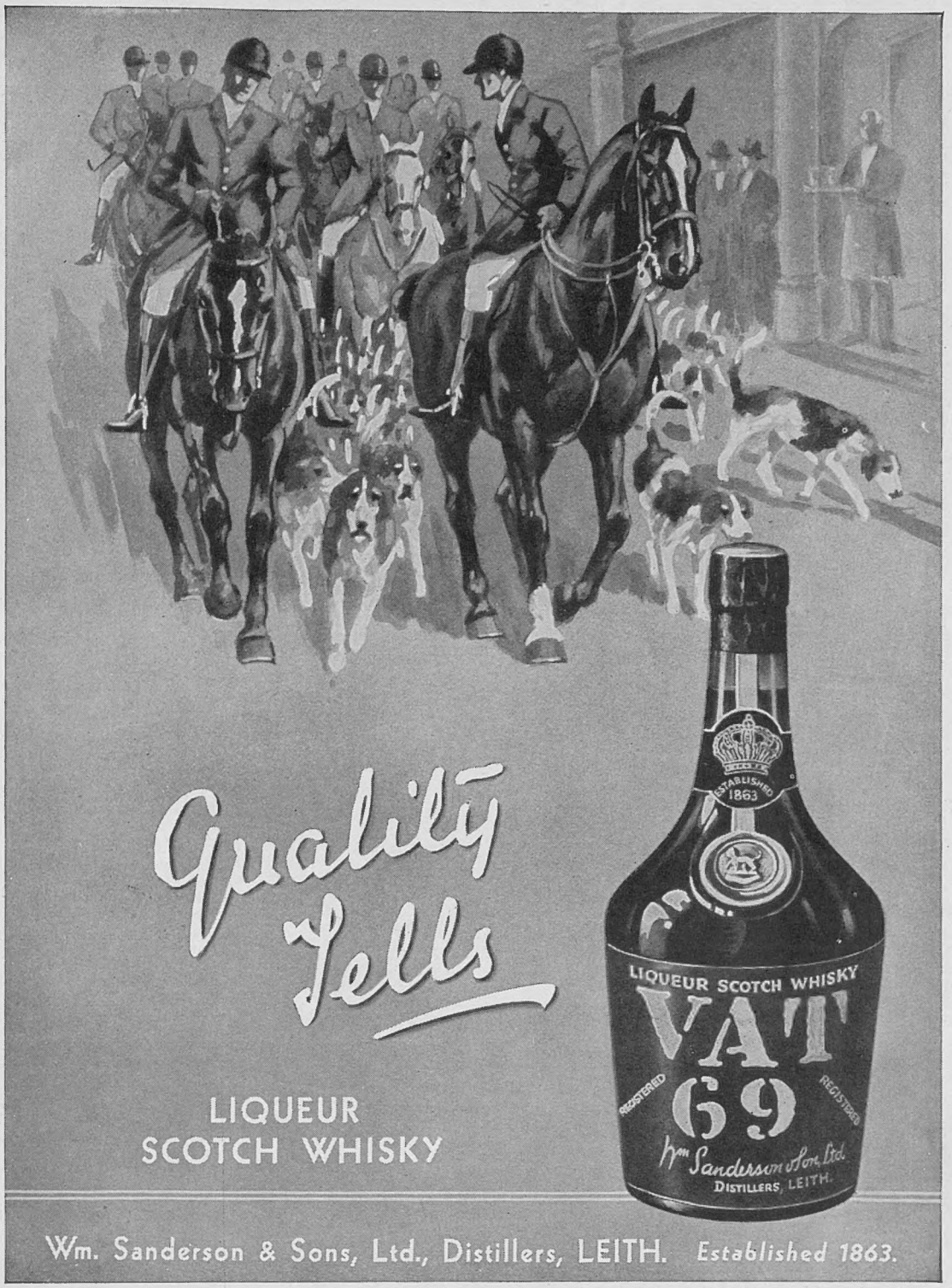

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